

THE AUSTRALIAN  
**Women's  
Weekly**

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**RON SAW**  
writes  
about  
**JUNIE MOROSI**

**CALENDAR  
FOR 1975**

**CARAVAN  
COOKERY**

**EASY DISHES**

**What children  
REALLY say to  
Santa Claus**

**CHRISTMAS  
STORIES**  
from our readers

**AGATHA CHRISTIE  
SHORT STORY**





Roger, the eight-week-old kitten belonging to Paul Byrne, 5, of Rose Bay, N.S.W., takes an interested look at the Christmas activities. His initial curiosity, however, soon turned to boredom. When photographer Ron Berg wanted Roger to pose in another location it was too much! He went to sleep.

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# "I'LL SURVIVE . . ." SAID MISS MOROSI

The woman in the eye of the storm that has shaken the Australian Government faced a Press conference.  
**RON SAW was there.**

I DON'T know — I couldn't begin to imagine — who'll get the job, eventually, as private secretary to Dr Jim Cairns; but he, or she, will need to be good. He, or she, will need to be smarter than Miss Junie Morosi. And anyone smarter, though not necessarily as dedicated, as Junie probably wouldn't bother with the job anyway.

Anyone smarter than Junie Morosi would be able to write her own ticket in the business world; would be, for that matter, a whole lot better in Parliament instead of on its thick-witted, bitchy, public-service periphery.

Everything I've heard and learned about Miss Morosi, and what I saw and heard of her at a long, hot and rather confused Press conference, leads me to believe that she's a tough, intelligent, capable, handsome and effortlessly charming woman.

She has had a raw deal, not only from the Liberal Opposition in Canberra but from the stuffy, unimaginative, solidly-entrenched, public service; from members of Dr Cairns' own staff, some of whom detest and envy her; and from Dr Cairns and Senator Murphy themselves, because their ham-fisted, tactless mismanagement was the cause of all the trouble anyway.

## Nothing new, but . . .

In Sydney last week Junie called a Press conference, said nothing much that hadn't been said or reported before anyway, played the Press on its home ground and won, six-love, six-love, six-love.

It wasn't her idea. It was the brain-child of her one-time boss and (now) public relations man and agent, John Pola.

Pola was public relations director of Leyland Australia last year when the company was trying to bring in Filipino labor. In September it seemed likely that 45 technicians would be brought in, and Junie was hired, by Pola, to help them assimilate. And, it was hoped, to help another 1000 in the same way, once the advance guard had settled down.

Nothing came of all that. The Government changed its mind and killed the Filipino plan. Exit Junie. Exit, not

The press conference. It was the first glimpse most news people had had of Miss Morosi.

long after, Leyland from Sydney. Exit Pola.

When the Morosi affair was at its hottest and most bothered, Pola jumped in. He became Junie's agent, haggling on her behalf with magazines and newspapers. And he hurried to Canberra, where Junie, still in Cairns' office, was conducting perhaps the longest "tidying-up" operation ever conducted by a secretary who has never been officially hired.

A Press conference, he told her would help to clear up all the innuendo in the Morosi affair. He may or may not have added that a Press conference would do not the slightest harm to her prospects as magazine-meat — though how she could do a deal with a magazine and still keep her job as a public servant (even as a temporary public servant with Mr Al Grassby's office) was, and was still at the time of going to press, "something which will have to be considered."

Junie agreed, not altogether delightedly but objectively; and that (Tuesday) afternoon she and Pola ducked the Canberra Press and flew to Sydney in a private Cherokee four-seater.

The subsequent Press conference, at the Camperdown Travelodge, was the first glimpse most news

people were to have of Junie. Few of the Canberra Press had clapped eyes on her; and in Sydney those journalists who knew her had met her only as a public relations lady. Only? Some only!

"I met her," one told me, "about five years ago: at lunch with Lionel Murphy. I

was meeting him for the first time and I expected to be pretty impressed. I mean, I was pretty keen about Labor then. But ten minutes — hell, 24 hours — after that lunch all I could remember of it was Junie. She was absolutely fascinating. She was pretty, amusing, intelligent and — well, utterly delightful. Lionel was Also Present."

## Sat composedly

Now she was walking in through the clustered cameras and lights and tumbled chairs and scrambled reporters: a tall (I'd guess 5ft 8in) woman, wearing an unremarkable flounced (if that's the word) dress and not, thank God, the trousers in which she'd been photographed before.

Physically she would not turn heads in Manila, Singapore, or Hong Kong. She has strong, rather than fine, Asian features. Her skin looks like pale, hot honey. She has a full, sensual lower lip and an eye-catching dark spot, just right of centre on her upper lip. I'm not sure of the okay word for them. Andrea used to paint one on with eyebrow pencil, or possibly Worcester sauce.

She sat composedly.

It was explained by the ubiquitous Mr Pola that we were gathered to do away with all this innuendo. Junie, he said, had gone through "ordeal by innuendo, siege and 24-hour surveillance", all of which was probably true, and "trial by media, through Parliament", which was rubbish.

It should be made clear that, at that conference anyway, nothing at all was done about clearing the innuendo. Any clearing should have been done by Junie — "I did not, have not, never have been so-and-so's such-and-such, nor have I ever done this, that or the other . . . etc." — not by the Press. She, not the Press, was complaining of innuendo. It was up to her, therefore, to call the tune, to be specific.

What she did say, in a very slight Latin-American accent, coolly despite the clamor of questions, was that she had been "used" to embarrass the Government; used by the Opposition.

She didn't bother to deny that her business record wasn't all that good. Not all businesses succeeded, she said, and she hadn't gone into business 100 percent sure of success. But the money lost had been that of directors, not public money; and she herself had lost substantially. "About three years' salary — that's as close as I can put it."

Her own private life, she said, had been picked over "with a fine, sharp-toothed comb."

But — and here the dark, rather liquid eyes narrowed and hardened — "I've never

## . . . And JULIE KUSKO reports:

JUNIE Morosi is what most Australians would describe as a "good looking."

At 41, she has the sort of slim, girlish figure most women wish they had even when they were girls: slim with the curves in the right

run away from anything in my life and I'm not going to start running now."

Still all she would say about Cairns, all that mattered in this context anyway, was: "It wouldn't matter what portfolio Dr Cairns had, I think I could have helped him."

When it was all over she had, clearly, won the day by saying nothing much at all. She'd won, too, by handling Sydney's irascible Press deftly, easily and winningly — certainly more ably than Dr Cairns or Senator Murphy has ever been able to handle it.

For that reason alone she'd have been invaluable to Dr Cairns.

I, for one, still have the uncomfortable, rather outraged feeling that the public-service establishment will get her in the long run; for her record is not one of success by dreary attrition; her fault, in their eyes, is that she has failed to be, intellectually and physically, unremarkable.

I hold no brief at all for her. I see her only as a woman who has found herself in a wretched position and has had the ability and the presence of mind to come out of it with more dignity than her accusers — or, for that matter, her mentors.

"I think," said a veteran reporter, "she's been a very brave little woman."

Brave little woman my Great Aunt Fanny. You don't have to summon up courage when you're as tough as nails; as tough as Junie Morosi.

places. She wears youngish clothes well.

Her most striking feature is her shining, blue-black hair that's almost waist long. It was brushed to one side and held simply by a tortoise-shell clasp.

Her complex multi-racial ancestry shows in her smooth, slightly olive skin and high cheekbones. The eyes, dark brown, are very large, very expressive.

Miss Morosi faced a packed room of Press and TV reporters — most of them male — with a cool and a charm that demanded civility.

She answered each question quietly, after some thought. She seemed at all times — except when she couldn't quite remember her husband's full name — sure of herself.

She summed herself up best perhaps with the phrase: "I'll survive. I don't know my future, but I'll survive."

RIGHT: MISS  
JUNIE MOROSI

Picture by Keith Barlow









## NEXT WEEK

### YOUR STARS FOR 1975

A leading astrologer predicts what you can expect in matters relating to love, money, job, and the home

In color!

### Giant-size poster HUMPHREY B. BEAR plus a coloring-in contest for children

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### CHINESE-STYLE VEGETABLES Step by step to crisp colorful dishes — as a vegetarian meal, or an accompaniment to grills

### IN THE GARDEN The flower colors that look best under night lighting

### ARE YOUR CHILDREN SAFE IN THE HOME?

### The story of an Australian couple who adopted a Vietnamese baby



Anita Loos, 90lb., 4ft. 11in., and still looking much less than her age.

"ON the cover of my new book, 'Kiss Hollywood Good-By,' the editors say I'm 80. That's ridiculous. I'm much older," says Anita Loos.

Her birth certificate was lost in the ashes of the 1906 San Francisco fire, but she doesn't want to know what date was on it, anyway.

"I've always felt that if I knew how old I was, I'd look it," she told me the other day.

Not a chance, Anita. Whatever that certificate said, it would be laughable today to call Miss Loos an old lady. A legend in her time, the diminutive author is far too lively to be caught by the still camera. Not only is she pretty, she's as deft and youthful a conversationalist as ever.

"After 65, birthdays are a bore," she says. But there's one anniversary coming up she simply can't elude — the golden anniversary of a small book she wrote called "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes", about a girl from Little Rock, Arkansas, called Lorelei Lee.

Since Lorelei first made her serialised appearance in "Harper's Bazaar" magazine almost a half-century ago, she's popped up as a heroine in a silent movie, a Broadway play, a Marilyn Monroe movie, and two Broadway musicals, starring Carol Channing.

The current one, "Lorelei," playing to packed houses in New York for the past two years, opens in London in February.

And the girl who confided in her diary that "Kissing your hand may make you feel very, very good but a diamond and sapphire (sic) bracelet lasts forever" is herself ensconced forever in "The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations."

"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" has been published in 14 languages, including Chinese. The latest translation, just out, is in Hebrew. Rizzoli is about to publish a

new Italian edition and the Book-of-the-Month-Club is issuing — in a golden cover — a 50th anniversary edition of "Blondes."

Miss Loos, of course, is not distinguished merely by one book. She practically invented the movies. She wrote 200 silent screen plays, the first one when she was 12. It was called "The New York Hat" and starred Mary Pickford and Lionel Barrymore. Dorothy and Lillian Gish were extras. Miss Loos still has a tiny gold hat on a charm bracelet which Miss Pickford gave her as a remembrance.

When talkies were invented, Anita Loos spent 18 years on the M.G.M. lot, writing for the movie greats. She wrote Douglas Fairbanks's first film and most of those to follow. In inimitable Loos style, she tells about her life in the autobiographies, "A Girl Like I" (1966), and "Kiss Hollywood Good-By," which has just hit the American bookstores.

The promotion following publication is the reason Miss Loos is the busiest octogenarian round town. I was lucky to catch her before she left for London to promote the English edition of "Kiss Hollywood Good-By."

"You no sooner finish a book than you have to start peddling it," she says. "I hate that — because you're not your own girl any more. You do what the publishers want."

For the past 12 years Miss Loos has lived in a large, sunny apartment on West 57th Street, opposite Carnegie Hall, with her housekeeper, Gladys Turner, whose 16-year-old (also Gladys) Miss Loos has helped raise, and of whom she is justifiably proud.

A student at a New York City private school, Gladys often skips classes to travel with Miss Loos, and is in London now. She speaks French and Italian fluently. For years, she's danced with the New York City Ballet in "The Nutcracker Suite" and

# 80? Who

And her best-known character, Lorelei Lee, is just as indestructible

"Midsummer Night's Dream."

These days, however, her chief concern is boys. "That takes precedence over everything," says Miss Loos.

Earlier, Gladys senior greeted me at the door, most affably, explaining that Miss Loos must have been held up in New York traffic.

The apartment is warm and tasteful, filled with memorabilia. It has no trace of the sterile decorator which some newer celebrities seem to favor. Over the mantelpiece, there's a Renoir pastel of a nude bather — opposite, a Picasso line drawing beside a vibrant Rouault. Two portraits of Miss Loos are hung discreetly. Photo-

been my career, if I hadn't taken to writing," she tells me now. "I love clothes. My idols were Mainbocher and Balenciaga. Mainbocher was very understated — his elegance went into handwork and, of course, Balenciaga was flamboyant and exciting. "Thank heavens I have all the models I bought from them. Well, I lost a few travelling. I can wear the same things today I bought 50 years ago. Why change? Clothes now aren't any good at all — and ridiculously expensive."

Weighing in at 90lb (she's 4 ft. 11 in.), does she work at her neat figure?

"I wouldn't think of eating potatoes. That is a

### "If you go by the movies . . .

graphs, vines, flowers, books abound.

In an adjoining study where the author works, a Victorian love seat is adorned with a four-foot long red satin cushion, shaped in the form of Miss Loos's much-admired lips.

"That's just come out of the window at Henri Bendel's department store, where it was surrounded by copies of 'Kiss Hollywood Good-By' — such a cute promotion," Gladys explains.

She settles me down on a comfy sofa and brings a cup of tea. Miss Loos arrives, a little breathless.

"I've just come from a showing at the furriers, Maximilian — absolutely magnificent," she says, handing Gladys her modest fur stole.

She pulls up a diminutive rocking-chair beside me, cut to size — and the next hour speeds by in mirth. Each statement is punctuated by a chuckle.

Smartly dressed, as always, she's wearing a vintage Madame Gres burgundy tweed suit. Matching red boots are laced in black. The famed Loos coiffure, salt and pepper now, is parted horizontally, sparse bangs carefully combed.

Anita Loos first cut off her hair in the 1920s, a shocking deed at the time — but one which first heralded the flapper age.

"Fashion would have

sacrifice. But, luckily, I don't care for sweets. And, of course, I do ballet.

"If you don't exercise every day, then you're in trouble. So, if I've half an hour free during the day, OK, I'll exercise.

"I get up every morning at 4. It's no struggle. There are day people and night people, you know. It's all metabolism. I wake up like a lion, raring to go.

"As soon as the sun goes down, I close up like a day lily. I lose all interest in everything, except to go to bed.

"Right now I'm working on a musical version of 'Happy Birthday,' which goes into rehearsal soon. By the time my secretary gets here at 10 a.m., I've a full day's work of transcribing for her to do.

"I write in longhand — but it's neat. After 10, I make telephone calls to my friends and there are all sorts of business things to attend to. If there aren't, I like to shop and just fool round New York.

"When I have the time, I walk miles every day. I love to walk — especially along 57th Street. It's the most wonderful street. It has everything. And some of my best friends live on it.

"Paulette Goddard lives on 57th and Park, and Lillian Gish lives on 57th and Second — the elegant end. I live on the rowdy end — and that's what I like. Living across from Carnegie Hall is



# cares, says Anita

Anita Loos is in her 80s, but to call her an old lady would be laughable, says PHILIPPA DAY BENSON, who spent a happy hour with the lively author at her New York apartment.

so exciting. What goes on outside the auditorium is so much better than what goes on inside.

"All kinds of skulduggery — Arabs picketing Jews, Jews picketing Russians. Somebody's always in trouble over there.

"Gladys and I spend hours hanging out the window.

"No, Helen Hayes (another best friend) doesn't live on 57th. She still has her home, 'Pretty Penny,' at Nyack, on the Hudson.

"But I'm joining her in London, where she's making a movie. We'll celebrate her birthday."

A couple of years ago, Miss Loos and Miss Hayes

bums ever had the price of a theatre ticket," she surmises.

"But the next day we were passing Radio City Music Hall, where 'Airport' was playing. Helen had bought an ice-cream cone and was licking away when a group of club women emerged from the matinee.

"We heard one of them say: 'My god, girls — there she is.' But her companion snapped: 'Helen Hayes eating an ice-cream cone on the street. She wouldn't do a vulgar thing like that.'"

Miss Loos chortles gaily, remembering the remark.

Our conversation inevitably comes round to her classic spoof concerning

"I forgot all about it — it was in a suitcase for six months. When I ran across it and sent it to him, he called me up right away, roaring with laughter. Well, you know the rest.

"Anyway, I got rid of that dumb blonde."

"As a girl who invented the thought that diamonds are mighty friendly, do you own any yourself?" I asked.

"Well, the jewellers, Van Cleef and Arpels, gave me some. Cartiers gave me a diamond bracelet once. But I don't think diamonds are particularly good on a small person. It takes someone larger to swing 'em.

"Personally, I adore junk jewellery."

(But, as any fan knows, none of the stage or screen versions is a patch on the book.)

Having written more than 300 movie scripts, does she often go to the movies now?

"I'm quite out of touch with the movies today because there are so few good ones. If I do happen to see a good one, I go see it two or three times rather than press my luck.

"This whole pornographic bit is such a bore. I don't know anyone who likes it. Really, they've blown sex out of all proportion.

"If you go by the movies — and the media — you'd think nobody had anything to do in life but make love.



An early portrait of Anita Loos, whose writing career began at the age of 12.

"I was about 15 at the time — but I looked much younger," she reminisces.

"When Griffith realised I was his author, he wanted me to stay right on the lot and continue writing. But after he found out I'd been acting, he was all for popping me into films.

"My mother wouldn't hear of it. She didn't like the stage and she thought movies worse. So she hauled me back to San Diego and I continued writing — and I've never stopped," she smiles.

That's for 70 years or more, I figure, and ask the recipe for agelessness.

"I'm always in the midst of two or three vital things. Now I'm off to London for my book and have my musical to finish, big negotiations are afoot to film 'Kiss Hollywood Good-By', But I can't think about that until 1975."

Having such a successful career herself, how does she feel about Women's Libbers?

"They will go round shouting that women are smarter than men. We know that, but we should keep our mouths shut. These women are ruining their own racket.

"You know, all of us who worked in the movies — actresses and writers alike — never felt discriminated against one moment. So it's hard for us to see what these women are talking about. As a matter of fact, I was always paid more than my husband."

Yes — what about her loyalty to her spouse of 37 years, actor-director John Emerson, who spent the last years of his life in an institution as a manic depressive?

"I used every angle I could to trap the unfortunate man. I'd taken him on. He was an obligation. What could I do?"

And the two most important men in her life, Wilson Mizner and H. L. Mencken, what about them?

"Wilson was a 100 percent con man. He found no joy in labor whatsoever.

He never did work — and he made millions. His brother Addison — who designed Palm Beach — was a fake, too. But he worked at it. There never was another one like Wilson." Deep chuckle, as she remembers him.

"Mencken — I knew as long as he lived. He was a gentleman of the old school, a real ladies' man in the finest sense of the word. When I lost him . . ." her voice falters. "He was a very gallant man . . . in the end, you know, he ran into a type of senility which was terrible — because he knew it. It was awful."

Behind the dark glasses, her eyes are moist.

Time for a change of subject. "Miss Loos, what do you think of the state of the nation now?"

"I'm a serious student of Watergate. I'm interested in everything — good, bad, or indifferent. Can you carp about a world that is so full of interest?"

Anita Loos isn't the kind of author who says: "Now that's enough about me. Tell me — what did you think of my last book?"

She interviews the interviewer, asks questions about Australia. But as time comes to depart she remembers an item which may possibly be of interest.

"A woman recently asked me to send her any letters I'd received from the famous U.S. novelist Edith Wharton," she tells me, as we walk toward the door.

"When I told her I'd never received any, she said: 'That's extraordinary.'"

"She told me that Edith Wharton, at one period of her life, had written to people all over the world saying: 'Please read "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" — at last we have the great American novel.'"

"Now I find out! And this collection of letters about blondes will appear in 1975 — when I would think there was nothing more to be said about Lorelei Lee.

"That girl's harder to kill than Rasputin."

## you'd think nobody had anything to do but make love"

wrote a most unorthodox guidebook to New York City called "Twice Over Lightly" — highly recommended reading for any visitor.

"We spent two years at it," she remembers. "Just fooling round New York, doing things we'd never had time to do." Such as being waitresses at the Salvation Army's annual thanksgiving dinner, helping serve 1500 needy in Hell's Kitchen.

"No one recognised Helen — probably because none of those poor dear

gentlemen's preferences in hair color.

"The success of 'Gentlemen' was an utter surprise to me. It still is," she says. "I wrote it because H. L. Mencken, whom I adored, was fooling around with a blonde. He wasn't the least bit serious, but I thought he was being made to look ridiculous.

"So I scribbled off the first chapter on a train going to Hollywood — just to hold up a mirror to Menck's silly girl.

She's wearing clustered fake black pearl earrings, gold bracelet, and gold necklace. The large, dark glasses have wide gold rims.

Our conversation comes back to blondes. Of the various movie and stage versions, which does she prefer?

"It's hard to say. I adore Carol Channing's performance of Lorelei now. She does it as a caricature. In the movie, Marilyn Monroe played it straight. Both were wildly successful."

"In truth, if you can find half an hour to give it each week — you're lucky."

Then, if not the movies, do you read a great deal?

On the coffee table, there's a biography of Aldous Huxley, an autobiography of Cecil Beaton, both old friends.

"My husband and I introduced Cecil to Hollywood and we've been dear friends ever since.

"He's drawn and painted me my whole life."

I ask about her childhood.

"I was a stage child, you know, from the age of seven. I didn't have any ambition to be an actress — but my father was in the business and it was a way of making money. That, I adored.

"When I wrote 'The New York Hat' at the age of 12, I found the name of a New York Company on an old can of film so I sent it there. Naturally, receiving \$25 in return, I was encouraged to continue."

After she'd been sending screenplays to D. W. Griffith's company, American Biograph, for three years, Miss Loos was invited to meet the great producer, who had by then moved to Hollywood. She was living in San Diego at the time.

When she arrived, accompanied by her mother, Griffith pumped Mrs. Loos's hand, saying: "How nice to meet you after all these years," ignoring little Anita.



Anita with one of the two most important men in her life, Wilson Mizner, and Ruth Taylor, who played Lorelei Lee in the first movie version of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Right, with her husband, actor-director John Emerson, at Palm Beach in the early '20s.





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The Australian Women's Weekly—December 25, 1974



# IT'S CRUEL TO REAR GIRLS ON A DIET OF DREAMS

**It would be more sensible to train them for reality, says KAY KEAVNEY after examining the facts on women in today's work force**

SHE was single, and in the middle years. She had reached the very top of her professional tree, and she loved her work.

"What did you hope — or expect — from your life?" I asked. "When you were a girl, what did you dream about?"

She said promptly: "Getting married."

She sat back from her big, busy desk, lit a cigarette, and laughed.

"Not just to anybody," she said. "No, indeed, I dreamt of marrying a celebrated author, and being allowed to correct his proofs. I'd have been quite happy to bask in his limelight. Children? I assumed I'd have to have children."

"And how do you feel the way things have turned out?" I asked.

"I'm unmarried," she said, "and putting up with it. Anyway, I look at the statistics and think, 'I'd probably be a widow, so what the hell?'"

And, quite cheerfully, so far as I could see, she got back to work.

Girl's dream, woman's reality. In her case, I felt, the reality was less than harsh. Wisely, although she dreamed, she'd equipped herself for the alternative.

She and I are roughly of an age. When we were girls, that dream of hers was the accepted. (There were rebels,

themselves — above all, parents.

"You learn young that you're not supposed to be an achiever, or even want to be. Men are the achievers. Your only real success is a successful marriage. Your only identity is through others, as wife and mother."

"If you're a girl, marriage is the Number One thing in family conditioning. If you aren't married by 25, or even 20, parents put on the pressure. They ask 'Where have we gone wrong?'"

"I went along with it all. I expected to get married and have lots of kids. I wanted what I'd practically been promised: the love and security of a good husband, the experience of parenthood. I still do."

"Anyway, I was 27 when it hit me, 'Maybe it isn't going to happen.'"

"That was traumatic. For one thing, though I had a good job even then, I'd never thought of supporting myself for life."

"If I had, I'd have equipped myself better. My whole approach would have been different — as it has been these last few years. I've been luckier than a lot of women with no marketable skills."

"If I had a daughter," she said vehemently, "I'd see she

girls still dream that dream of 30 or 300 years ago: the rich Mr. Right, the gorgeous house, the shining kids, the rosy glow, the happy-ever-after."

Girls from all kinds of backgrounds decline to plan their future, or acquire work-skills. Mr. Right, when he comes along, will take care of all that, until death them do part.

And the reality? In the U.S., 60 percent of all women work, often out of dire necessity; and at the lowest-paid jobs. Six out of ten of these dreaming girls will work for at least 30 years outside the home.

With inflation (forcing more wives to work, like it or not), the divorce rate, the desertion rate and other factors rising, those figures too will rise.

Yet "the majority of high-school girls" dream on. Regardless of Women's Lib and more enlightened legislation, these American girls seem subject to much the same conditioning as was my generation in Australia.

What lies ahead of them (and any children they may have) when the dream explodes and reality breaks in, as it must for all too many?

And what about Australian girls today?

Dany Torsh is executive officer of a special committee set up by the Australian Schools Commission. Specifically, it is investigating the ways in which the Australian education system discriminates against girls.

(She would be glad of help from the public. If you feel you have anything to offer, please write to her, Box 3987, G.P.O. Sydney 2001, telephone 20323.)

"It's exactly the same in Australia," said Miss Torsh. She reeled through a big pile of surveys on the attitudes of Australian secondary school girls, their expectations, their self-image, and conditioning.

As in the U.S., the girls were from a broad range of backgrounds, and generally in the age group 15 to 18. And the vast majority saw their futures in terms of the same, rosy dream.

Said Dany Torsh: "Ask a boy to write an essay on what

he expects to be doing in ten years' time, and he'll say, 'I'll be an airline pilot.' Or 'I'll drive a train.' Boys seldom mention marriage."

"But look at this survey by researcher Debra Robinson in South Australia. A large sample of high-school girls were asked to write an essay on how they saw their future."

"This answer is typical: 'I sit here in my own home, just as I always dreamed I would. My stomach swollen with my second child, my husband relaxing in his chair and our child in his bassinot.'"

This was how the researcher summed up the survey's findings: "The lack of a future (beyond marriage) greatly affects the girls' academic progress at school and after. The jobs they planned before marriage were teaching, hairdressing, nursing . . . all areas traditionally reserved for women as compatible with marriage."

"Many girls showed awareness of, and indignation at, the many practical difficulties facing women in our society, and supported such platforms of Women's Liberation as equal pay and women in politics, but they could rarely see the implications of these things for their own situation —

work for lower wages than men, to be as apathetic to the unions as the unions are to their needs, to perceive themselves working in particular occupations only."

Here is sociologist Dr. Don Edgar, after investigating "competence," which he sees as "the key problem in education today":

"For girls, but not only girls, the problem is acute. Certain skills and abilities are valued more highly than others. The sexist nature of our society means these competences are available to boys rather than girls."

"Denied access to this 'equipment for competence,' girls develop a self-image more negative than positive

"Whether married or not, a high proportion of these girls will have to work for a great part of their lives."

"In 1973, one-third of the work-force was female, and of these women 62 percent were married. By early 1974, the figure had risen to 62.5."

"Most work in clerical, service, or sales industries, which are relatively low-paid."

"Many thousands more in the work-force are widowed, divorced, separated, or deserted, often with children to support. And many more thousands are forced on to social service."

"According to the Henderson Report on poverty in Australia, one of the largest groups living — with their unfortunate children — below the breadline, are female heads of families."

"These are the kinds of

## Better counselling needed

so their performance reinforces the expectations of woman's 'lower status.'"

"Conditioning is life-long," said Dany Torsh. "The earliest books girls see show boys and men as the achievers, solving problems, doing exciting things; girls and women as passive, or broom in hand as the mother-housekeeper, or in one of the few occupations deemed suitable — generally low-paid."

"The conditioning is all-pervasive. Parents, even vocational guidance counsellors, reinforce it. So does the education system."

"If the girls rebel, and many do, and many secretly want to, society makes it difficult for them in all sorts of ways."

"Half the girls in Australia have left school by the time they're 16."

"In most schools, all subjects — even cooking — are open to boys, but many

possibilities the girls block out, just as in the United States. And can you blame them?"

"All their lives, they've been discouraged from developing self-reliance and skills, and encouraged to fantasise about a rosy future where all problems are solved by getting their man."

"They won't be for most — if any." And she told me about one guidance counsellor who wants to get a task force together to go round all the schools.

"Initially, it will be a photographic exhibition, to prove the theme of the task force: 'Girls Can Do Anything.'"

"It's a good, healthy scheme," said Miss Torsh, "and I hope she succeeds."

So do I. More than ever, in the face of today's harsh realities, it seems cruel and irresponsible to rear girls on a diet of dreams.

As parents most of us hope for our daughters a happy marriage, a pleasant home, the security and love of a good husband, and healthy children.

If I may be personal, I certainly did and do.

I did try to see, though, that they had the best possible education, and professional skills.

I knew, too, having been one, that girls are people, just like boys.

What might they have to offer this troubled society — not only as wives and mothers, but in their own right — if society allowed them the same opportunity and expectations as it gives its boys?

To be sure, that age-old dream is a lovely dream. But for all too many, the dream will turn sour.

Let's tell them: "Dream all you want. We need our dreams. But be well-equipped for the alternatives."

## The real business of life

of course, as there always are, and I was one. All I dreamt about was being a writer.)

The future was bathed in a vague, rosy glow. Like the princess in the fairy-tale, we girls would marry, and live happily ever after.

Work was mere marking-time before the real business of living: marriage and children.

(And lifelong support by Mr. Right. So why, thought many girls and more parents, waste too much time and money on education, on acquiring work-skills?)

Like countless generations of women, mine was propelled by every conceivable pressure toward dreaming that dream.

But that was 30 years ago, and much has changed. Or so I suggested to a friend in her early 30's.

"Has it?" she said. "In my generation, it was exactly the same."

My friend has a good job, her own car, is paying off her own house, has travelled widely, and isn't married.

"The pressures were just the same," she said. "Everything, almost from the moment you're born, pushes you in that one direction, and blocks you off from any other. Everything. Books, teachers, movies, the boys

was equipped for whatever might happen.

"How many women DO live happily ever after, kept in style by Mr. Right?"

How many indeed? Since happiness has no story, nobody knows. But there are ample statistics on women for whom the dream has turned sour.

In the U.S., surveys indicate (and all figures are rising) that one girl out of ten will never marry; that three out of ten will get a divorce; that one will be widowed before she is 50.

Add the separated, the unmarried mothers, the deserted wives, and the numbers soar.

Lacking work-skills, or having lost them, many women left to fend for themselves and their children are forced on to welfare, setting up a chain-reaction of poverty, perhaps for generations.

This is the harsh reality. But do American girls believe it? Surveys indicate that they simply tune out any ugly facts which might explode their dream.

For, incredibly (the surveys show), in this year of grace, in the so-called Permissive Society, in the birthplace of Women's Lib, the majority of high-school



# THE HOUSE WITHOUT A CHRISTMAS TREE

NOTHING is more heartening than a child enjoying Christmas. Nothing is more disheartening than a grown-up who, actively or passively, puts a stopper on Christmas joy.

"The House Without a Christmas Tree," one of ABC-TV's special Christmas programs, tells the story of an adult who was a Christmas kill-joy.

Happily, like famous Christmas kill-joys from Scrooge onward, this one

By NAN MUSGROVE

realises in the nick of time that the Christmas message transcends all troubles, and that his child's happiness means a lot to him.

It is a very familiar plot, but "The House Without a Christmas Tree" is presented with expertise and by a trio of distinguished actors that lift it out of the ordinary Christmas schmalz class.

The disgruntled father, a widower, James Mills, is played by Jason Robards.

Robards, top stage actor, hasn't any great fame as a movie actor. He is best known to most movie-goers as the man Lauren Bacall married after the death of

her first husband, Humphrey Bogart. The marriage lasted for seven years.

His stage career includes his tremendous success in Eugene O'Neill's play, "The Iceman Cometh," but in 1972 he was passed over for the movie role.

Shortly after this he was badly injured in a car smash.

His face was so severely injured that it had to be rebuilt by plastic surgery last year.

When he recovered he made several films, but regained his forgotten stature early in 1974 on Broadway in another O'Neill play, "A Moon for the Misbegotten."

Robards came back to instant success in the role. He's done movies since, and "The House Without a Christmas Tree" is his latest vehicle.

He is good, but gloomy.

The delight of the special comes from Grandmother Mills, played by Mildred Natwick, and the girl, Addie Mills, played by Lisa Lucas.

Grandmother Mills runs the house for her son and granddaughter. She is warm, human, the balancer of the see-sawing relations between father and daughter.

Lisa Lucas as Addie Mills is what I call a glass of water American girl—a utility girl, with nothing very special about her, very self-contained, controlled.



Grandmother Mills (Mildred Natwick) with granddaughter Addie (Lisa Lucas) at the Christmas tree.

The only time you catch a glimpse of the real girl under the skin is with her grandmother. I liked the scene when Gran Mills is making her costume for the school Christmas pageant.

Addie is an angel. Gran's angel dress is long and white and straight, like a nightie, loose and gooney-looking.

"Put a belt on it," she tells Addie, "any belt, and see how that looks."

Addie, who at ten-and-a-bit has no more shape than a boy, ties a black belt tight round the waist.

Addie doesn't look like an angel, except that her shining face is young and new. She stands there and smooths down the dress that is obviously made of cotton.

"How do you know angels dress like this?" she asks her Gran. "I bet angels' robes are pure silk."

Like you knew the plot, you know the ending—joy bells do ring in heaven's street, and Dad does love her.

It is all very Christmassy, not too long to be overpoweringly sentimental—and well done, which makes all the difference.

"The House Without a Christmas Tree" will be shown at 7.30 pm (local times) in Sydney, Adelaide, and Hobart on December 23, in Perth on December 20, and Brisbane, December 24.

James Mills  
(Jason Robards) with his  
mother and  
daughter, Addie.





# THINGS CHILDREN SAY TO SANTA

*The traditional annual dialogue between small children and the department store Santa is full of surprises. The questions may be the same, but the answers are hardly ever alike!*



By KEL CONNELL

THE THINGS children say to a department store Santa can be very enlightening, especially if you are fortunate enough to love children.

For instance, there was this stern-faced eight-year-old...

"Well, my boy, and what would you like for Christmas?" asked the cheery old gentleman with the flowing white hair and whiskers.

"I don't want anything," replied the boy, crisply. "I just came up to tell you that your black hair is showing at the back."

Disarming honesty is only one of the qualities children display when talking to Santa. Their sayings are often spiced with wisdom, wit and humor.

Christmas is not just a time for giving (and getting into debt), but a special season for children.

Could the Christmas spirit be better described than by the small boy who said: "Santa, if you haven't got enough toys, it will be all right if you just leave me a nice card with Merry Christmas on it."

Or the little girl who painted her own special card for Santa and wrote on it, "I wish happiness for ALL the world."

Not so idealistic was seven-year-old Tommy, whose conversation with Santa went like this...

Tommy: "Santa, have you really got enough presents for all the children in the world?"

Santa: "Yes, Tommy, I really don't think you need to worry."

Tommy: "Well, Santa,

would you mind coming to my house first?"

Even more mixed were the motives of the brother and sister who endeavored to win Santa's favor by presenting him with armfuls of cuddly dolls for all the poor children of the world.

They were followed up by a salesgirl who wanted to know if Santa had seen the two children who ran out of the Toy Department with their arms full of dolls!

Then there was the seven-year-old who asked Santa for a packet of adhesive first-aid dressings. It turned out that one had been put on her knee when she scratched it. Thereafter, her mother told Santa, when the child felt in need of love and attention, she plastered

Another was a girl of about the same age.

Santa: "Hello, darling."

Darling: "I want a bouncing ball."

Santa: "Have you been good?"

Darling: "I want a bouncing ball."

Santa: "Have you eaten up all your vegetables?"

Darling: "I want a bouncing ball... I want a bouncing ball... I want a bouncing ball..."

Santa (to Darling's mother): "Well, I think we'd better bring her a bouncing ball, don't you?"

Often a Santa's reminiscences are best told in the words of the children themselves.

Mary, aged eight, asked: "Would you please leave my

Little Boy: "Because my Dad bricked it up at the bottom."

Or... Little Boy: "Santa will you still leave me a present, even if my dog bites you?"

Or... Billy: "Santa please tell your reindeer to be careful about landing on our roof this year."

Santa: "Certainly, are you getting your roof repaired?"

Billy: "No, we're camping in a tent."

A child's uninhibited behaviour often takes adults by surprise.

When a little girl found herself on Santa's knee, she became tongue-tied. Then, aware of all the people waiting in the queue, she grew nervous. To reassure her, Santa said, "My, that's a

envy, one six-year-old girl said: "When I grow up, I'm going to be a Santa."

Inevitably, the age of doubt arrives. Early, for the little girl who asked: "Santa, I saw a doll's house in our shed. Mummy said my Daddy is helping you to make it."

"That's right," said Santa. "I didn't have enough helpers this year."

"Yes," she replied. "Well, my Daddy is working real hard to finish it on time, but I haven't seen you doing any work yet."

Doubt entered Johnny's life a little later. Ever since the previous Christmas, he had been meditating on a bottle of lemonade that had mysteriously disappeared from the fridge on Christmas

## Will you still leave me a present, even if my dog bites you?

the dressings all over her legs and arms.

Rebels are more commonplace. One five-year-old boy's conversation with Santa went... "Hello there, little boy, have you been good?"

Little Boy: "No."

Santa: "Do you eat up all your vegetables?"

Little Boy: "No."

Santa: "Well, do you keep your room tidy?"

Little Boy: "No."

Santa: "You will be good next year, won't you?"

Little Boy: "No."

Santa (to Little Boy's mother): "Mum, you seem to have a problem."

Mother: "Yes, he's very rebellious when he's nervous."

present in the backyard this year instead of in my bedroom?"

Santa: "Why certainly, dear, if that's what you want me to do. Now what would you like for Christmas?"

Mary: "I want a big horse."

Or... Little Girl: "Santa, my mummy said we shouldn't be afraid of thunder, as it is only your helpers hammering."

Santa: "That's right, darling. You see, thunder is only noise."

Little Girl: "But do your helpers have to work at night?"

Or... Little Boy: "Santa, you better not come down our chimney this year."

Santa: "Oh, why not?"

pretty dress you have on." Lifting her skirt high above her head, the child replied: "Look, my pants are pretty, too."

Asked what she would like, a six-year-old girl answered promptly, "A baby of my own, please, Santa." Another happy little optimist wanted "a ride on one of Santa's reindeer."

Harassed mothers also react oddly, sometimes. Like the one who asked: "I do hope you're used to babies, Santa?"

"Oh yes, I get them from 12 days old up to 60 years."

"Yes, well, this one's wet."

Women's Lib converts start young. Looking up at Santa with admiration and

Eve. What he didn't know was that his parents had drunk it after staying up late to wrap and label the gifts.

First awake on Christmas morning, Johnny decided it was a good time to have a drink of that lemonade himself, but the bottle was gone. Had Santa taken it? He had to know.

"Hey, Santa," he said, "Last Christmas I left out a glass of lemonade for you."

Santa: "Yes, I know. It was very nice, too. I was hot and tired when I reached your house. It was just what I needed."

Johnny: "Why did you take the bottle in the fridge as well?"

Santa: "Oh, dear, I hope you didn't mind, but my

reindeer were thirsty, too. Only the bubbles made them sneeze. Could you leave them a bucket of water this year?"

Johnny, smiling: "Sure thing, Santa!"

The natural, spontaneous unselfishness of children sometimes humbles adults. For instance, the little spastic girl who said, "Santa, I have \$2 at home. If I leave them on the kitchen table, will you give them to some poor girls?"

The mother of two brothers assured Santa it was entirely their own idea when the boys presented him with a couple of handkerchiefs. Santa gave everyone presents, they said, and they wondered if anyone ever gave him any.

Looking at life through Santa's eyes can be disappointing at times. To see children subjected to the stress of adult anxieties and prejudices stirs compassion in the heart.

The economic pressures of Christmas, plus other demands of the festive season, tend to make people intolerant and impatient.

On Christmas Eve, one unhappy mother dragged her child away as he begged to see Santa. "Don't waste your time," she said. "Santa isn't coming to you this year."

In anguish, the small boy wrested himself free. Ignoring the queue and the other child on Santa's knee, he demanded, tearfully, "Santa, you really are coming to see me, aren't you?"

Santa restored his faith that kindness would triumph over selfishness, even if just for a little while. Relief spread over the child's face. Surely the mother would not ignore the memories of past Christmases?

Children less than two years old are often scared of Santa's long white hair and whiskers. Best to place your child on Santa's knee looking toward you as you back away smiling, if you want to have that happy snapshot.

At least one little girl was more intrigued than frightened by Santa's mass of whiskers. When he asked what she would like for Christmas, she cried out: "Look, Mum, he's got a mouth!"

Don't try to prepare the child before the visit by saying, "You won't be afraid of Santa, will you?" That may have the reverse effect.

Your frame of mind is just as important as the child's. Forget the pressures and tensions for a while and do not intrude on that moment of fantasy when your child talks to Santa.

Making others happy is a very enjoyable way of making yourself happy as well. So have a very happy Christmas.



People along Sydney's Great Western Highway were astonished to see an emu wearing a blindfold sitting bolt upright in the back of a passing car. But it was only the Pigott family taking another of the waifs and strays of the Australian bush to the sanctuary they maintain in the Blue Mountains.

By JEAN DEBELLE



A baby parma wallaby, a species thought to be extinct until 1965, in the Yengo scrub.



Watched by his children, Peter Pigott releases a koala brought from Nelson Bay, N.S.W.

## SANCTUARY FOR THE

ON some of the most beautiful, secluded country of the Blue Mountains, a Sydney businessman has established a wildlife sanctuary as his part in saving Australian native animals from extinction.

He is Peter Pigott, company director, pilot, collector of antiques, father of four, and dedicated conservationist.

Animals at Yengo, Mr. Pigott's 20-acre sanctuary, include many species of wallaby, including the parma — until recently thought to be extinct — and the brush-tailed rock wallaby, kangaroos, koalas, emus, wombats, and spiny anteaters, as well as smaller creatures, such as marsupial mice.

All are able to live and breed freely in their natural surroundings.

"What we are doing at Yengo is a microcosm of what goes on in our national parks," said Mr. Pigott.

"There are also plenty of birds — they come in by the thousand. They appear to know it is a sanctuary."

### Protests

Mr. Pigott bought historic Yengo homestead in 1967 after falling in love with its magnificent cold climate garden. This garden was laid out between 1877 and 1880 under the supervision of Charles Moore, director of Sydney Botanic Gardens. Rich volcanic soil and an annual rainfall of around 127cm (50in.) suits the many exotic plants brought from all over the world. Many of the trees in the garden now were the first of their kind planted in Australia.

The idea of establishing a wildlife sanctuary at Yengo resulted from a visit by Mr. Pigott and his wife Ann to East Africa in the following year.

They were impressed by what being done for wildlife

there and encouraged to think that, as individuals, they could help in preserving endangered species of Australian animals.

On their return home, Mr. Pigott set about buying as much available land adjoining Yengo as he could. Applications to the local council, and to the N.S.W. National Parks and Wildlife Service met with an enthusiastic response.

But some of the neighbors were not so enthusiastic. "They organised protest meetings, thinking I was going to open a lion park, or some sort of fun park," Mr. Pigott said. "The protests were dropped when they found out the truth."

### Two dams

"We put an enormous amount of work into it. We had the soil analysed and replaced trace elements shown to be missing. There were already many areas of native grassland and virgin bush, but where the land had been cleared, we planted a rich variety of grasses for every season to make certain there would be plenty of food for the animals."

"We built two dams, one holding two million gallons and the other one million gallons. These provided water for irrigation and attracted native bird life."

"Rather than build high banks, we scooped the dams out of the ground and heavily grassed them to the water's edge to make them appear natural ponds."

A cottage was built on the reserve for Fred and Hilda Morgan, animal lovers recruited from New Zealand to manage the property.

Already many eucalypts were growing naturally at Yengo, but other varieties were planted. When the marsupial-proof fence was completed, the animals were brought in. (Native animals at Yengo do not belong to Peter Pigott. All such animals in New South Wales are under the direction and

control of the National Parks and Wildlife Service. Wildlife organisations in other States have similar authority.)

Stocking the park was not without a laugh or two. A young emu was brought back from Moree, N.S.W., in the Pigott's plane, strapped in a box on the back seat. All went well until the plane struck rough weather over the Hunter Valley.

Seeking permission to land at the nearest airfield, which was RAAF Williamtown, Peter Pigott — as pilot — was asked to give the names of his passengers.

He still chuckles at the reaction from the control tower when he said Peter and

Ann Pigott, and an emu on the back seat!

Transporting the emu from Sydney to the Blue Mountains also provided its funny moments. The big bird was blindfolded, and strapped in the back seat of the car, surrounded by the four Pigott children, who fed him peanuts all the way.

For the Pigotts and the emu the trip went smoothly. But it gave a few shocks to people who, when the car stopped at traffic lights, realised they were looking at a blindfolded emu sitting bolt upright in the back of a family car.

The parma wallabies are breeding successfully in the thick scrub at Yengo ("It is

impossible to know just how successfully as they hide in the undergrowth, but we see their babies occasionally"). These and the brush-tailed rock wallabies were obtained from Kawau Island, just off the north coast of New Zealand's North Island.

Kawau, in the Hauraki Gulf 48 km (30 miles) north of Auckland, was the home of Sir George Grey, a New Zealand Governor of last century, who previously had been Governor of South Australia.

Together with kookaburras and other Australian fauna, Sir George introduced various species of wallabies to the island, where they flourished. Among them

were white-throated parma wallabies, thought to be extinct until they were found on Kawau in 1965.

Recently Mr. Pigott took delivery of his third consignment of wallabies from New Zealand, including six brush-tailed rock wallabies, two of whom had joeys in their pouches.

To lessen the chance of the animals going into shock and dying after their plane trip across the Tasman, they had been kept in an enclosure and hand-fed for three months after being caught on Kawau.

After Mr. Pigott had driven the animals 126 km (78 miles) from the airport to Yengo, he was relieved to see

The Australian Women's Weekly—December 25, 1974



Mr. and Mrs. Pigott with their children — from left, Heidi, 12, Samuel, two, Amanda, 13, and Peter Hugh, five — and two of Yengo's animal residents, a kangaroo joey and a koala.





Wildlife officer George Wilson introduces a red kangaroo to its new home.

Mr. Pigott frees a brush-tailed rock wallaby from its transit box.

Wallace, one of Yengo's two wombats, outside his burrow.

Red and grey kangaroos make themselves at home in the Yengo undergrowth.

# FUGITIVES OF THE BUSH



Yengo homestead — the Pigott family fell in love with the magnificent garden and bought it in 1967. It was laid out 90-odd years ago, and the rich soil and high rainfall have ensured that imported trees and plants flourished. Mr. Pigott acquired adjoining land to establish the 20-acre wildlife sanctuary. Pictures by KEVIN BROWN.

them bound into the scrub, apparently none the worse for their journey, when he opened their boxes.

Three koalas arrived at Yengo the same day. They had been found in the Nelson Bay area, after a big land clearing operation had forced koalas on to the roads. One was in a dazed condition after being hit by a car, others were up electricity poles.

Apart from those at Yengo, brush-tailed rock wallabies are well-known to visitors to Jenolan Caves, N.S.W., where some are kept in an enclosure, but there are only a few left in the wild state.

Reasons for the When the 2.5 m (8ft. 6in.)  
The Australian Women's Weekly—December 25, 1974

disappearance of the wallabies, says Mr. Pigott, are destruction of their natural environment, hunters with guns, and the introduction of European animals, such as foxes, dogs, and cats.

"Feral cats (domestic cats gone wild) are great destroyers of wildlife," he said. "People dump these cats in the bush, and they become very cunning and ferocious, preying on native birds and animals in their fight for survival."

"We've trapped 11 feral cats on the reserve in the last six months, and they are all from the Blue Mountains National Park, which surrounds us."

fence was built at Yengo to keep the animals in, it was thought to be wild-dog proof.

"We found three months later that it wasn't," Mr. Pigott said. "A parma wallaby was found eaten."

"We set traps and we caught a number of feral cats and we thought these were responsible. But the local postmaster told us he saw two foxes apparently leaving the reserve one morning, so we decided to electrify the fence. Since then we've had no losses."

At Yengo, Mr. Pigott works in close co-operation with George Wilson, principal environmental officer for wildlife with the Department

of Environment and Conservation in Canberra.

Both emphasise the folly of people keeping wildlife as pets.

"To start with, it's illegal," said Mr. Wilson. "Usually the animals are kept in poor conditions. One family kept a kangaroo in a cage on the veranda of a block of flats. These aren't dogs or cats, they eat grass!"

"People don't do this sort of thing through wanton cruelty, just ignorance."

More use ought to be made of information centres at national parks. "People have this simplistic approach — if you stop shooting wildlife, you've solved the problem. This is worse than

wrong," he said. "You've got to concentrate on preserving their habitats if you are to preserve the animals."

"It all comes back to education and awareness. If people want to do something for our wildlife, they can educate themselves by joining one of the hundreds of conservation societies."

Although Mr. Pigott would like to see Yengo used in the education of children ("It will be their decision whether we will still have wildlife in 50 years"), he will not allow the public into the reserve.

"People," he said, "make tracks, and the ground gets denuded. Yengo is only

available to universities for scientific studies."

Mr. Pigott is a trustee and director of the N.S.W. National Parks and Wildlife Foundation, which has contributed \$1½ million for land acquisition for national parks by the N.S.W. National Parks and Wildlife Service in four years.

The Australian Government recently appointed him chairman of a committee of inquiry on museums and national collections.

Of Yengo, he says: "I'm not kidding myself. This is a small thing I'm doing. But if a hundred people in Australia did the same, it could add up to something very worthwhile."



# A WIDE RANGE OF CHRISTMAS SHOWS

TV has many presents for viewers — a diverse selection of treats

CHRISTMAS TV programs are as diverse a selection of treats as ever Jack Horner found in his famous Christmas pie — ranging from plums like Pope Paul VI inaugurating Holy Year to Humphrey B. Bear on ice.

For the lucky families who find a color TV set amid the Christmas wrappings, programs will be especially rich. Channel 2 begins the day with a live satellite telecast in color from St. Peter's Basilica, in Rome (see this page).

The National Nine Network's most important

By NAN MUSGROVE

color telecast of the day will be the Queen's Christmas Message at 8.50 p.m., but I'm sure its most popular message will be Humphrey B. Bear's Christmas message to the kids at 5.20 p.m.

Humphrey, who as all aficionados know never speaks, is always worth watching. He should be in extra-good form on Christmas Day, because earlier on he is going to skate in "Cinderella on Ice," a Christmas panto on TCN9 at 4 p.m.

"Cinderella" sounds like good panto value, with Englishman Paul Sharratt playing Baron Hard-up, Cinderella's father, Jamie Redfern as Buttons (showing a great flair for comedy), Glenys Hewitt (younger sister of Colleen) playing Cinderella, and Rod Kirkham as Prince Charming.

Humphrey is never daunted by any assignment, but I feel taking to skates in "Cinderella" is pushing his luck.

My choice for Christmas viewing is "The Glories of Christmas" (ABC-TV, 7.25 p.m.), although I must say I was surprised when I saw it began with "I Saw Mummy Kissing Santa Claus" and goes on to Princess Grace of Monaco reading the story of the Nativity from the Bible.

I believe Princess Grace is marvellous, and the whole story is dramatised as she reads.



TREAT for the children... Humphrey B. Bear in "Cinderella on Ice."

But the Christmas plum I am waiting for in "The Glories of Christmas" is the Dickens segment, which, I believe, lasts about 15 minutes.

Charles Dickens (Stephen Murray) reads cameos from some of his most famous novels while they are dramatised. Scrooge figures, of course, and other characters from "A Christmas Carol."

Other cameos come from "Oliver Twist," "David Copperfield," and "Nicholas Nickleby."

It is said to be an unusual presentation of Dickens and is done by a glittering cast — Patrick Cargill, Patrick Troughton, Alfred Marks, Bob Monkhouse, Dora Bryan, Diana Coupland — and, strangely, famous cricketer Freddie Trueman.



CAROL BURNETT, Lyle Waggoner, Harvey Korman... A new series of lively Carol's long-running show.

## NINE'S HIGH SCORE IN VARIETY FIELD

THE National Nine Network scores high in variety programs this year, with Ernie Sigley winning a Penguin Award for the best Australian variety show and the new series of Emmy Award-winning "The Carol Burnett Show" (TCN9, Wednesday, 7.30 p.m.)

"The Carol Burnett Show" is now in its eighth year and its lively star, green-eyed Carol, must surely be revising her ideas about whether or not she is a star.

Way back, when her show was two years old, she said very emphatically she was no star, adding:

"I think stardom is a matter of longevity: I'll be a star only if I'm still around 20 years from now like Lucille Ball."

### Good-looking

Six years later, I think any viewer would notice the stardust round Carol. She is an amazing artist and, if you look closely, good-looking, too.

But one thing she does superlatively is hide her good looks. She is always crossing her eyes, pulling awful faces, or poking out her tongue.

I don't wonder that at times Carol looks cross-eyed. She is married to her producer, Joe Hamilton, and they have three daughters, Carrie (9), Jody (6), and Erin (4).

Carol's Joe has eight children from his previous marriage and the Hamiltons and the 11 kids all live together in a big, white mansion (still nostalgically known as "Betty Grable's house") in Beverly Hills.

It looks far too grand to be described as a "family house" but that is exactly what it is — no matter what, Carol and Joe always race home to join the kids at 6 p.m. dinner.

Carol is a great one for tradition and for eight years her best friend, Jim Nabors, has appeared on the opening show of each new season.

Tall, dark and handsome Lyle Waggoner, who has been on the show for the last seven years, will be missing from this series.

Waggoner says he has been a sex-object on the show ever since it started.

He's the man who is forever turning Carol into a sex-starved female in the skits.

"I hated giving up the show," he said, "but I have my own career and future to consider. I realised one day that there just isn't anywhere further I can go with Carol's show."

Waggoner is grateful for his comedy-training with Carol, and feels he's one of the few leading men in Hollywood with that kind of experience.

"It's a very salable thing," he says, "now all I need is a sophisticated Cary Grant-type role."

## LIVE COLOR: HOLY YEAR INAUGURATION

THE Inauguration of the Holy Year by Pope Paul VI, telecast by ABC-TV live in color at 9.25 a.m. on Christmas morning, is certainly the most significant of the Christmas programs and probably the most magnificent color program yet telecast in Australia.

The Inauguration ends at 10 a.m. and is followed immediately by midnight Mass from St. Peter's.

The live satellite telecast takes viewers right inside the famous Basilica and in color will give them a better look than most tourists.

One of the breathtaking sights will be the Bernini Canopy which covers the High Altar. The Canopy, carved in gilded bronze in the 17th century, is 92ft. high and is held aloft by four great golden columns. Looking from the Canopy, the cameras will focus on the throne and the golden aureole above it, and other great marble decorations.

But the Papal entourage in full procession will provide such dazzling splendor that nothing else will be noticed. It includes cardinals and bishops wearing cloaks trimmed with ermine or gold-embroidered vestments, prelates in violet soutanes, Knights of Malta in scarlet tunics.

The Pope, the last in the procession, is carried on a sort of throne carried on the shoulders of 12 servants wearing liveries of crimson damask.

Patrick Kirkwood, of the ABC-TV Religious Department, will be the commentator who introduces and closes the program. He is experienced in such solemn and sacred occasions for

he was in charge of the Papal telecasts during the Pope's Australian visit in 1972.

Assisting him will be Alan McElwain, the first official Press officer for the Roman Catholic Church in Australia. Mr. McElwain spent 15 years as a foreign correspondent accredited by the Vatican and will point out famous cardinals and prelates in St. Peter's and talk about the ceremony.

The actual interpretation of the service and the Pope's homily will be done by a priest to be appointed by the Sydney Archdiocese.

The Holy Year is celebrated every 25 years and has been ever since 1470.

To inaugurate Holy Year 1975, the Pope opens the Holy Door, an exterior door in St. Peter's Basilica. Pilgrims to Rome for Holy Year enter the Basilica by this door throughout the year but it is walled up again during the next Christmas season until the next Holy Year, in the year 2000.

The Inauguration ceremony, which the Vatican has said will be "modernised" and last only 30 minutes, will be followed by midnight Mass from St. Peter's.

At the end of the Mass, Pope Paul will give the traditional blessing, "Urbi et Orbi," which is only given on special, solemn occasions.

The blessing of "Urbi et Orbi" means "To the city and to the world" and Patrick Kirkwood believes this is the first time this famous blessing has ever been telecast all over the world. "On this occasion it is literally true," he said.

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS



# People and Fashion



LEFT: Mrs. John Antico, a member of the Guide Dogs for the Blind Association of N.S.W. social committee, lent her Roseville home for a fund-raising card day and luncheon. She is pictured with co-worker Mrs. Dutchie Harris, who wore a three-piece silk knit suit. ABOVE: Committee president, Mrs. Tom Whittle, in a printed skirt and shirt, Mrs. George Beynon in a jersey dress by Roberta, and Mrs. Leo Joseph, in a vivid shirtmaker.



Conducted by  
**BETTY DELANDRO**



Members of the Mosman Charity Fund Committee held a champagne and chicken luncheon at the Clifton Gardens home of Mrs. Len McKay-Cruise. LEFT: Mrs. Ken Allen in a cool halter-necked dress and Mrs. Robert Middleton in pants, shirt, and crocheted gilet. ABOVE: Mrs. Edward Finnie in a droopy-brimmed hat and Mrs. Donald Hughes in a cotton knit dress and bauble beads. RIGHT: Hostess Mrs. McKay-Cruise in a terrace dress with Mrs. Gene Hadaway and Mrs. John McGuinness, both in summer gear.





RIGHT: Margaret Wolford wore a silk crepe gown with a sweetheart neckline and a juliet cap holding her short veil when she married Eddie Santos at St. Michael's Church, Lane Cove. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Wolford, Ocean Beach, and the bridegroom is the son of Mrs. George Santos, Summer Hill, and the late Mr. Santos.



RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ferguson signing the register after their wedding at Shore School Chapel, North Sydney. They are pictured with three-year-old flowergirl Annalisa Terry. The bride, who was Judy White, the younger daughter of the Ray Whites, of St. Ives, wore a Swiss embroidered organza gown with needlepoint lace edging, an orange-blossom headpiece, and a long veil. The bridegroom is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Geoff Ferguson, of Castle Cove.

## People and Fashion

Continued



Bridesmaids Eleanor Sheedy and Robin Ware, and flowergirl Brigid Sheedy, prettily dressed in rosebud-patterned dresses with inset lace yokes, attended Gabrielle Sheedy for her marriage with Stephen Punch at the Sacred Heart Church, Pymble. The bride, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reg Sheedy, of Gordon, wore a delustrated satin gown trimmed with pintucking and seed pearls. The bridegroom is the third son of Mr. and Mrs. John Punch, of Chatswood.



RIGHT: Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Bill Dovers were among the guests at the ball which followed the annual promotion parade at HMAS Creswell, the Royal Australian Naval College at Jervis Bay. Mrs. Dovers' chiffon gown was in a floral design.



The Governor-General, Sir John Kerr, talked with Mrs. Gordon Hudson and her son, Acting Sub-Lieutenant Mark Hudson, who was awarded the Queen's Gold Medal at this year's promotion parade of midshipmen at HMAS Creswell, Jervis Bay.



Anne Sparks wore a light cotton skirt and matching pintucked, lace-trimmed top when she attended the annual promotion parade and luncheon held at HMAS Creswell. She is with one of the graduates. Acting Sub-Lieutenant Ken Hodges.

LEFT: Lieut. Gordon Wellham escorted his fiancée, Cheryl Bate, to the naval festivities. Cheryl wore an apple-green silk jersey dress with shoe-string straps and a cream lace shawl.



# WHAT PEOPLE ARE WEARING OVERSEAS



*Right: Lady Jane Spencer Churchill at the Legend Ball in New York, in an elegant black dress with a velvet bodice and hem border, and a satin skirt and cummerbund. She added a diamond heart-shaped necklace.*



*Actress Hedy Lamarr, 59, is proof that beauty is ageless — she still has the special quality that made her famous thirty years ago (above right). Hedy, who has had a stormy life (including six marriages) was in New York for the Legend Ball — featuring actresses who have become legends in their own life time. Her slinky dress, trimmed with feathers, showed off her still-perfect figure. Her shoes were silver mesh.*



# Edgell gives you the answers

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Sliced Beetroot

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it's a question  
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Before, you couldn't please everyone with just one beetroot taste. So Edgell has given you two beetroot flavours. Now comes the question - which to choose? New Sweet Spicy beetroot or Edgell's regular beetroot. Only Edgell can offer you two right answers.

*From an Edgell Country Garden*



A leading children's hospital has its eye on a different kind of ambulance for emergencies, as the usual type is considered often unsuitable.

# DON'T ROCK THE BABIES

By GLORIA NEWTON



Dr. John Overton (left), specialist in the Department of Anaesthesia at the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children in Sydney, and Professor Leo Stern, Professor of Paediatrics at Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island, U.S.A.

TWO DOCTORS attached to Sydney's Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children are working toward the development of a highly sophisticated transport unit for sick new-born babies.

Similar units being used in American and Canadian centres have helped to more than halve infant mortality rates.

The doctors are Dr. John Overton, specialist in the Department of Anaesthesia, and Dr. Henry Kilham, staff physician in the Department of Medicine.

They say that for some time they have realised the necessity for special transport for seriously ill babies who have to be rushed to special facility hospitals for treatment.

"Babies brought by adult ambulances get to us in poor condition," said Dr. Overton. "They are cold and have been jolted about. This is not criticism of our ambulance officers at all. It is just that they haven't the proper facilities for caring for these babies."

The ambulance the doctors want is one with a humidicrib fixed in the centre, with sufficient supplies of oxygen for the journey, and accompanied by a trained medical team

which has the skill to detect the earliest changes in the baby's condition, and to deal with any respiratory problems.

A baby too sick to travel clothed can be placed in the humidicrib where the air temperature can be set for his size and age.

Its position in the middle of the ambulance means he can be observed, and treated if necessary. Also its site keeps him away from the cold air from the vehicle's outside walls.

Recently Dr. Overton and Dr. Kilham had a chance to confer with Professor Leo Stern, Professor of Paediatrics at Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island, U.S.A., when he was guest

now being widely used in Canada, America and Europe, is essential in a city as large as Sydney."

Professor Stern said the special ambulance unit had been started at the Montreal hospital when it was found babies were being brought in in a critical condition.

"Speed is not the answer to the problem," he said. "Indeed, careful, smooth driving is more important than saving a few minutes in heroic speeding with the red light flashing."

"It is better that a driver knows when to choose a smooth road and a comfortable speed, when to avoid rapid acceleration and braking."

"The answer is in the

are very limited in what you can do in a moving vehicle.

"To me the important thing is to keep the baby warm and oxygenated and get him to the referral hospital as soon as possible."

The two main Rhode Island hospitals, which are affiliated, operate a special unit between them, the Professor said.

"This means that any small community hospital has only to ring and say it has a sick baby to have it picked up and rushed to one of the two referral hospitals."

superior care in a first-class institution. Five percent need some complicated care in a referral unit and ten percent need some care.

"Unless a referral hospital reaches that two percent — which we call the bottom line — you realise babies are dying and are not being sent to you," said Professor Stern.

"Centres in North America and Canada using this ambulance service have found their infant mortality rate has fallen from between nine and ten per thousand to four per thousand."

Dr. Overton said there had been a time where nothing had been done for babies considered unfit to be moved. "That definitely is a changing philosophy. And with this new unit it will mean we will be able to safely transport any sick child."

He said he had first realised the necessity for special infant transport some time ago in England when he and another doctor were rushing a new-born baby suffering from a diaphragmatic hernia to a specialised hospital some miles away.

"The ambulance broke down and a police car was

sent to take over. It was a fast car and the driver, at times, was doing 100 mph. We were sitting in the back seat with the baby and were jolted and tumbled round during the whole trip.

"The speed was quite unnecessary. We didn't cover the distance any quicker, because we were braking and stopping all the way."

Dr. Overton said he and Dr. Kilham were budgeting \$20,000 for the cost of the unit, which they plan to have converted from a commercial vehicle with easily available spare parts.

It was hoped, he added, that it would be able to service all metropolitan hospitals.

"We are also thinking of taking in Gosford, 60 miles away, and Wollongong and Katoomba, which are about 70 miles. Anything over 100 miles becomes impractical with an ambulance and you must think in terms of flying."

"This unit won't be confined to the new-born. It can also be used for older children in such cases as near-drowning, when a medical team can be sent with the unit to look after the patient during the journey to the hospital."

## Once nothing could be done for babies "too sick to be moved"

speaker at Royal Alexandra's Post-graduate Week.

Professor Stern has been associated with the special transport of the new-born since 1964 when he was attached to a Montreal hospital, and is co-author of a manual, "Transport of High-Risk New-Born Infants," published by the Canadian Paediatric Society.

"Meeting Professor Stern has been like a shot in the arm," said Dr. Overton. "I feel this transport system,

construction of the ambulance and the training of the specialised medical team that man it. The driver must also be part of the team. He must be conversant with the equipment, be trained in the mechanics of the unit, know how to handle any extra power demands necessary to maintain the humidicrib."

Professor Stern said the ambulance unit should not be turned into a mobile intensive care unit. "This would not be practical. You

"At the moment a station wagon, with the back specially fitted out and equipped with a humidicrib, is being used."

"But the hospitals have now commissioned a coachbuilder to design a vehicle to take its place, with emphasis on a good thermal system. The cost is expected to be somewhere around \$50,000."

According to medical statistics, a minimal two percent of all births require

## "Herbie Rides Again" DRAWING/COLORING CONTEST FOR CHILDREN

HERE'S a fun holiday contest for children aged 12 and under, and a chance to win \$50 or one of 80 other prizes.

Draw and color-in a scene of Walt Disney's car character, Herbie, doing something — anything! — in an Australian setting.

For instance, Herbie could be on a beach, in the bush, or in Canberra.

The entry judged to be the best wins \$50, and there are other prizes.

Among the judges will be the Art Director of The Australian Women's Weekly

and an executive of BEF (Film Distributors).

### THE PRIZES

First prize, \$50.

Five others of \$10 each.

As well there are consolation prizes of 50 Revell "Herbie" plastic Volkswagen model make-up kits from John Sands, and 25 Golden Books, "Herbie's Special Friend."

### HOW TO ENTER

Children 12 and under can win any of the prizes by drawing a scene showing the film-star car, Herbie, in an

Australian setting. Entrants must color-in their drawings.

The drawing can be in any artist's medium, such as pen, pencil, charcoal.

Coloring can be in pencil, paint, chalk, crayon — any medium.

Preferably, it should be on a piece of paper no bigger than an ordinary exercise book page.

Give your imagination full rein as to what the clever car could do in Australia.

You can put in as many entries as you like.

Each person's entry or entries must be accompanied

by the cut-out entry form on this page, or a copy of it.

To help us read your name and FULL address, use block letters.

Don't forget to put your age (the contest is open only to children 12 or under at closing date) and get a parent (or guardian) to sign the entry form.

Address your entry to WOMEN'S WEEKLY-BEF "HERBIE" CONTEST, Box 7052, G.P.O. SYDNEY 2001.

Entries must be received by last mail, January 10, 1975.

Conditions governing the contest are as set out in our issue of December 11.

### ENTRY FORM

NAME ..... AGE .....

ADDRESS .....

STATE ..... P/code .....

Parent's signature .....

If you wish to send additional entries, copy out the above entry form and attach one to each entry.





**"I bought him  
a styling dryer  
for me."**



"He thinks it's his.  
"So he lets me borrow it.  
"He thinks my going to the trouble  
to get him one from General  
Electric was very considerate.  
"Just because it's the one that  
dries his hair fastest after he  
gets out of the shower.  
"I told him that. And it's true.  
"But what I didn't tell him  
was that giving him a G.E.  
was also good for me.  
"Because it has a setting that's  
just perfect for styling my hair.  
"And all the attachments  
we both need.  
"But don't think I'm being unfair.  
"If he'd bought it for me,  
I'd lend it to him."



**"A great  
case. And  
His'n Her  
attachments."**

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# ADVENTURES ON A LONG, LONG HONEYMOON TRAIL

STEPHEN and EVANS  
MICHELSON



**Putting their hearts and feet into it, a young couple journeyed for two and a half years through more than 35 countries — a TRAVELLERS' TALE . . .**

HAVING just arrived at the Los Angeles International Airport, we stopped at the newsstand to pick up a paper.

Suddenly the cashier screamed. "Get away, the register's exploding! Call the fire department!" she yelled as she dashed from behind the counter.

At long last, the honeymoon was over. After two and a half years of travelling and working in more than 35 countries, we were back in the United States. It was good to be home!

In July, 1971, we were married on a small island near Desbarats, in Ontario, Canada. With about 30 friends and relatives, who had joined us for the weekend, we went by barge to the site of the wedding.

## Simplicity

Music was provided by a pump organ, wildflowers were picked from the meadows, the cake was baked by neighbors, and the ceremony (which we had written ourselves) was conducted by our friend, Reverend Regas.

Soon afterwards, we departed with two backpacks on a honeymoon around the world.

On the charter flight across the Atlantic, we reviewed the thinking and planning behind our trip.

Firstly, there was the desire to avoid the settled routine that most married couples seem to drift into.

Secondly, there was the chance to test our relationship under the hardships and stresses produced by extended travel.

We knew that the time was now, while we were young and still had the spirit of adventure. True, we would have to exist on a shoestring budget, but, if we waited till later in life, we might never go.

The idea of a honeymoon

seems romantic and idyllic to most people, but we knew that ours, if it was to be successful, was going to have to meet and overcome many frustrations and challenges.

At some time, we would have to stay in one place, not only to reimburse our finances, but also to recover from the months on the road.

But we also had to learn the basics of travel: How best to get from one place to another, where to stay on our limited budget, what to take when we wanted to carry as little as possible, and how to communicate with, and best learn from, the cultures we visited.

We tried almost everything and, through our attempts, can now evaluate the different aspects of travel.

So, for those of you who would consider such a great adventure, here are some hints about getting from A to B . . .

**HITCH-HIKING:** You cannot always get rides to where you want to go. The best rule of thumb is to be patient.

Remember, the long waits and sudden rains make getting a ride seem like the greatest thing in the world. It is also good if you can speak the local language — after a

best way to see a country. Picking the smallest country roads and paths, you can get an intimate feel of the land and people. And the feeling at the end of the road can never be matched.

**From a diary:** "I suggested we leave and walk through Holland, it being a small country . . . After the most wearying day in my life we were no farther than the airport . . . Now, writing four days later, I am giving my blistered feet a break . . . If I ever have an idea like that again, I am going to kick myself!"

## Trip by bike

**"MOBYLETTE":** A "mobylette" is a small, motor-powered bicycle which enables the rider to have slow, leisurely jaunts while not putting out the effort required with a bicycle.

We purchased two vehicles — and 5000 kilometres and three months later we had scaled the Alps, tackled the Pyrenees, and spent lovely days chugging through undisturbed villages.

Ideal for touring Europe, their only drawback is one's susceptibility to the elements and occasional mechanical mishaps.

especially, one should really travel third class to appreciate the local flavor.

**From our diary:** "The train was already full beyond its capacity, but people were still coming through the window."

**BOAT:** Since three-quarters of the earth is water, the world traveller becomes familiar with a wide range of maritime vessels.

We found ourselves on everything from large cargo boats to small fishing crafts. Generally, the best way to find passage on the non-commercial or local vessels is to visit the docks and talk to sailors.

**From our diary:** "In Fiji, when the local boats came in to market, we approached the captain. We offered him some flour, sugar, soap, and breakfast crackers. In return, he cleared away the sheep from the bow to give us a seat."

**PLANE:** Although the quickest way to travel, flying is also the most expensive, and least informative. From time to time, however, there

are cheap charter or student flights to take advantage of.

There are also certain frontiers that require you to take a plane. Crossing from Pakistan to India, following war there, was one of those boundaries.

## Flight risk

**From our diary:** "The Afghani plane rose swiftly from the Lahore, Pakistan, airport. Suddenly it began a steep descent and landed ten miles away in Amritsar, India. It was the only way to cross the border without fear of being shot."

**JOBS:** One of the jobs we took was on an Israeli kibbutz for three months.

(Stephen drove a tractor, ploughing cotton fields; Evans, based on a huge turkey farm, worked in a big kitchen, cutting turkey schnitzels.)

We got room, board, \$7 a month and as many aerograms as we could write.

**From our diary:** "We finally decided to use Uncle Archie's wedding present of a free night in any Sheraton hotel in the world."

"We checked into the Tel Aviv Sheraton and, after a particularly posh evening, decided to get back to the real world."

**CLOTHES:** The clothes in which we arrived home were "trades" with other travellers in Australia.

(But Stephen still had the same boots he started with, which had been thickly resoled, twice.)

We did a lot of trading — cold-weather clothes worn in Europe were traded for lightweight things for India, and so on. We traded books, too.

By **STEPHEN and EVANS MICHELSON**

friendly chat, comes many an invitation.

We hitch-hiked two rides in the Australian outback — and went 6,400 kilometres in six days. Both rides were on heavy transport trucks.

**From our diary:** "After seven weeks in New Zealand, we have spent only one night in a hotel. Everywhere we go, people ask us into their homes. We even ran into a hotel owner who insisted we stay in one of his rooms for free."

**WALKING:** If you are not in a hurry and want to get in shape, walking is the

**From Stephen's diary:** "Evans kept complaining about my mechanical ability. The other day we traded roles. I held the bike up and she changed the tyre and inner tube. She hasn't complained since."

**TRAINS:** Trains obviously differ from country to country, depending on the standard of living. We only used the railways in Asia, where they had an added flavor to them.

Even finding a space on a hard wooden bench on these 20-hour marathons is next to impossible. In India,





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from the House of Pears.





## VIEW FROM MT. PLEASANT

Looking down from above the Mt. Pleasant Lookout, a few miles south of Kiama on the South Coast of New South Wales, where the scenic Princes Highway skirts the slopes overlooking the Pacific Ocean. Sands in the foreground are at Werri Beach, a peaceful weekend holiday resort near the town of Gerringong. The long arm of Seven Mile Beach can be seen in the background.

Picture by G. T. Caldwell, Canberra





LEFT: Jackie Onassis visits the Acropolis in Athens.

BELOW: Ari in Paris. Strips of plaster can be seen above both eyes and there has been recent speculation about a disease affecting his sight.



# JACKIE AND ARI

## PART 3



ABOVE: One of the last pictures taken of Alexander Onassis. His father had just given him the "Executive" jet (background) for his personal use. The man in the centre is a director of Olympic Airways who was at the presentation ceremony.

MR. ONASSIS'S sister, Artemis Garoufalidis, once asked me, "What more does Alexander want? His father has given him a ready-made empire. He can have anything he asks for. Yet he still complains."

And she added, exasperated, "Georgia, just imagine. Alexander actually said to me, 'I would like to die when I am 25.'"

Dear Mme. Artemis. So taken up with the importance of her legendary brother, so occupied with her fortune-tellers and card-readers. To her, her brother's son Alexander was always an enigma.

Yet the younger Onassis was only a sad, sensitive, and very lonely boy. In his short life he had money, money, money — and all the things money can buy. Yet he so tragically missed the most important thing in the world for a human being: a united family and the freedom to be himself.

To Onassis, his son was above all the successor to the enormous economic empire he had built out of nothing.

Yet Alexander would much have preferred not to be a powerful man. He would so gladly have

By his ex-housekeeper **GEORGIA BETTA**, who tells, in the third and final part of this exclusive story, about:

- Alexander Onassis as the unhappy "heir to Ari's kingdom"
- How Alex avoided his stepmother, Jackie
- Alex's happiness when he resolved to marry Fiona Campbell at all costs
- Alex's last day, and tragic death
- Ari telling Jackie, "Go to hell"

Story compiled by  
**SETTIMIO GARRITANO**

renounced his role of heir to Ari's kingdom — but this was impossible.

I first met Alexander when he was 16. He arrived at Glyfada after a succession of private schools in Switzerland, England, and the United States.

In Greece he could have amused himself with many friends, enjoyed himself in so many ways. No one would have held it against him if he had stayed out late, dancing, and flirting.

I remember more than once — especially during the last years of his life — his father would urge him to lead a gay, more intense social life.

"You're my son, the heir of Onassis," Ari would say. "Go out and have fun, enjoy what I, at your age, couldn't enjoy because I still had to get rich."

But Alex was deaf to these pleas.

His great passion was always cars and aeroplanes.

He would spend hours in the garage in an old pair of jeans and a T-shirt, just being a mechanic.

Finally, covered in grease, he would come back to the house, and a small spark of happiness would shine in his eyes.

He was a boy of few words, withdrawn into himself. He had an enormous respect for his father, and more than once accepted Ari's rages and scoldings without replying, his eyes lowered.

Afterward, however, he would go to his Aunt Artemis and in his mild way, let off steam.

"Father has no right to treat me like this," he would tell her. "I am not a child any more. I have the right to live my life the way I choose, not only as the son of Aristotle Onassis."

Mrs. Garoufalidis would try to calm him, saying his father spoke for his own good.

After Alexander's death, however, Mme. Artemis would let slip to me phrases like, "Of course, my brother could have spent a little less time on business and a little more with his children."

After their mother, the late Tina Niarchos, Ari's first wife, had left home on discovering the romance

between Ari and Maria Callas, Alexander and Christina had been put into the care of their Aunt Artemis.

They grew up in her shadow. At first they lived in Monte Carlo, then at Glyfada, and later went to private schools. In other words: lots of luxury, lots of presents, but no family.

Like his father, Alexander was precise, meticulous, and jealously guarded his possessions. I was the only person allowed to enter his room — maybe because I was always careful to leave everything exactly as he had left it.

I remember one afternoon, three years ago, Christina had gone into her brother's room for some reason — to get a book, I think.

When Alexander came home he called me to his room and asked, "Who was in here today?"

"Miss Christina, I think," I said. "Why?"

His reply was only, "Someone took the chocolate I had on the table." He added, "However, please remember that from now on, no one is to set foot here — except you, of course, Georgia."

Maybe he was afraid someone would come in and

read Fiona Campbell's letters, which he kept in a suitcase.

He would spend almost all his time away from the office in this room of his — if he were not flying around in his private plane, or driving his sports car.

Unlike his father, a late riser, Alexander asked to be woken every morning at 6.30, but would only ask for breakfast toward ten. He would leave the house around noon to go to the office.

I think he used those extra hours for countless long telephone calls to Fiona, the one and only woman of his life.

When he got back from the Olympic Airways offices each evening, he would have dinner and go to his room. This was his routine at Glyfada. How he lived elsewhere I don't know.

When he turned 18,

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# "ROBIN HOOD"

FILM PREVIEW



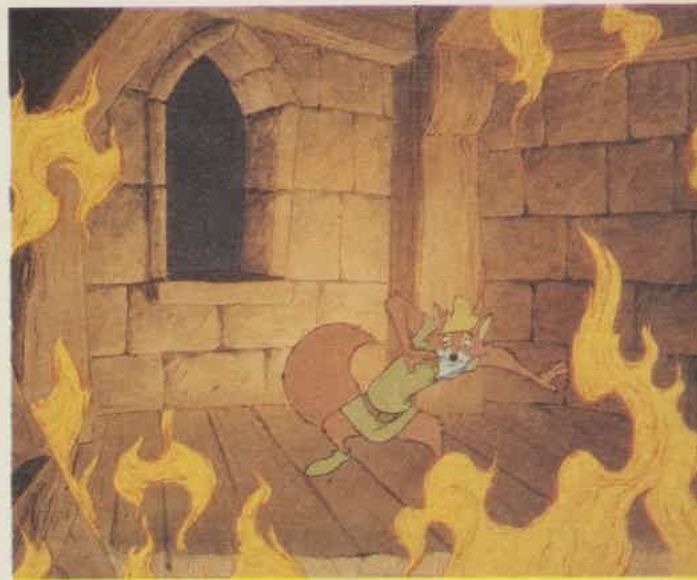
Left: Robin Hood (Brian Bedford) gets ready to annoy the wicked Prince John some more by recycling taxes intended for the royal purse back to the poor peasants.

Above: Compliments of the season from Robin and Maid Marian (Monica Evans). The film, Disney's golden jubilee production, will be released in Australia on Boxing Day.



Above: Rescued by Robin from Prince John's clutches, Maid Marian shows her friends where her sweetheart carved their initials on a tree.

Below: Allan-a-Dale, the silver-voiced minstrel, sung by composer-singer Roger Miller, narrates the story "like it is, or was, or whatever."



Above: Robin is cornered in the tower of a blazing castle. What will he do now? There's always that open window and the moat below.

Below: Prince John and his slippery counsellor Sir Hiss (Terry-Thomas) enjoy the sweet music as they count their ill-gotten gains.

SOMETHING for all who are young in heart this Christmas is "Robin Hood," a delightful piece of cartoon make-believe from Walt Disney Productions, due for release on Boxing Day in all States.

It tells the routine rob-the-rich-to-give-to-the-poor story, with the Disney difference that all the characters are animals. Robin Hood is a sly fox; Little John, a bear; Friar Tuck, a badger; Prince John, a scrawny, neurotic lion, and so on. Screen personalities Brian Bedford, Phil Harris, Andy Devine, and Peter Ustinov respectively (among others) provide the voices.

Which comes first, the voice or the cartoon character? Producer-director Wolfgang Reitherman disclosed: "We first think of the characters in terms of the human voices who will play them. It is much simpler and more realistic than creating a character and then searching for the right voice."

"Robin Hood," Disney's 21st full-length cartoon, marks the company's golden jubilee.





# JACKIE and ARI

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

Alexander started working for his father. Ari entrusted him with the direction of all the minor activities of Olympic Airways (helicopters, air taxis, etc.), and even presented him with an oil-tanker.

But the present from his father which really pleased Alex was a magnificent sports car — an Alfa Romeo in a deep purple, the color of eggplant. This was Alex's private car. He drove to work in an official Mercedes with chauffeur.

After Alexander's death, his father had the sports car taken to Paris — though it seems he doesn't use the car at all; he just likes to have it there as a reminder of his son — his one present that had given Alex real pleasure.

I remember two little things that show Alex's character. One evening his car got a flat tyre on the driveway leading to the garage.

## Discarded suit for mechanic's overalls

It was raining cats and dogs and he rushed into the house calling, "Georgia, come and give me a hand."

He quickly discarded his business suit for mechanic's overalls, and we went to try and push the car into the garage. I had grabbed an umbrella for him, but he insisted on holding it over me.

I told him, "Master Alexander, you're getting soaking wet." But he smiled and said, "That doesn't matter, Georgia, you're a woman. You are the one who mustn't get wet."

Another evening he had gone to his room after dinner. I had to go over to Mrs. Garoufalidis's for something, and on leaving the Onassis house, absent-mindedly locked his door with my key, as I usually did when I went out.

Half-an-hour later, coming back, I heard the young master shouting, "Georgia, Georgia, where the devil are you?"

I, from outside the door, shouted back, "Where you are sending me — in hell." And Alexander burst out laughing — something indeed rare for him. But every so often I could manage to make him laugh . . .

His father's marriage to Jackie had been a real trauma for Alexander. After the wedding he always avoided his stepmother.

When Mine Onassis was at Glyfada, he would make me his accomplice. I was not supposed to mention that he had come home, and would have to take his dinner up to his room on a tray.

Once Jackie, who must have seen him come in from her chair in the living room, asked me, "Is Mr. Alexander home?"

Unable to deny it, I said, "Yes. Would you like me to call him?" But Jackie just shrugged, and shook her head.

In the last two years before his death, Alex got his father's permission to move to the Hilton Hotel on the days Jackie was at Glyfada. But funnily enough, he sent all his clothes to be washed at home, and insisted that I should be the one to iron them.

In four years, he did not have a meal with his father and Jackie at home more than three times — and each time it was Mr. Onassis himself who asked him to stay.

Once he actually came straight out and told his son, "I know perfectly well what you think of Jacqueline. But do me the courtesy of masking your feelings in her presence."

Alexander found it very hard to lie, or pretend, and for this reason he tried to avoid his stepmother as much as possible.

For the same reason he could not stop himself arguing with his Aunt Artemis, once in a while.

From her brother, Mrs. Garoufalidis receives 50,000 drachmas a month (about \$1275) to cover some of the expenses of the Onassis house, and 100,000 drachmas (\$2550) for her own.

This is a lot of money, much of which she spends on clothes and her personal appearance — and on her fortune-telling hangers-on.

Once Alexander told her, "Rest assured that when the old man dies, you won't get a cent more from me." A harsh phrase, very undiplomatic — but Alexander always said exactly what he thought.

During the last month before his death, however, he changed. He wasn't so taciturn any more — in fact he was so gay that even his father was amazed.

The reason for this sudden change was Alexander's decision to marry Fiona Campbell.

His father had always opposed such a marriage, because he did not consider Fiona the right woman for his son.

Once, during an argument, Ari told his son, "You are young. What do you want to do — marry a woman who could be your mother?"

(Alexander was 17 years younger than Fiona — the former wife of multi-millionaire German industrialist Baron Heinrich von Thyssen. She was top-flight London model Fiona Campbell-



ABOVE: Housekeeper Georgia Betta (in white apron) accompanies Jackie Onassis and her two children and friends to the gates of the villa. RIGHT: Ari helps Jackie with her luggage.

Walter before her marriage to Baron Thyssen.)

"Now you feel full of love and enthusiasm, but in a few years, you will still be young, and you'll find yourself next to an old wife," Ari persisted.

But Alexander couldn't do without Fiona. In the last few months of 1972 they had quarrelled, and broken up.

In Athens, he had gone out a few times with parties of friends and other girls, but very soon he made it up with Fiona, and resolved to marry her.

## Able to reconstruct Alex's last day

As I mentioned in an earlier part of my story, I knew this because he actually asked me to go and be his housekeeper in a house near Cape Soumion which he had already found for himself and Fiona.

He was never able to carry out this plan, because death decided to take him away.

I am able to reconstruct Alexander's last day. He was in Paris, when his father phoned him from the United States to say he had hired two new pilots for his private plane (a "Piaggio" seaplane which carries ten people).

But the new men weren't experts with this type of plane, so could Alexander

send an experienced pilot from Paris to teach them?

Alexander answered (it was Mr. Onassis himself who told me this at home, later), "Papa, you're talking about your personal plane and I want to be sure. I'll go to Athens immediately and show the new pilots how to handle it myself."

"I had never heard Alexander so happy and gay," Mr. Onassis told me later.

His son arrived in Athens around noon, and went straight to work with the pilots instead of coming home to lunch at Glyfada. He sent the chauffeur, who had gone to pick him up, home to eat.

After lunch, the chauffeur returned to the airport. And it was from there that he phoned Mrs. Garoufalidis to say that Alexander had had an accident, and was in hospital.

(While speaking of Alexander, Georgia often had to interrupt her story, because she would choke with sobs, and be unable to speak. — *Settimio Garritano*.)

Onassis and Jacqueline arrived by the first plane from the States. Next morning Alexander's mother, Tina, and her husband, Stavros Niarchos, were also at Alexander's bedside, with his sister Christina.

When Onassis saw his son



— who had meanwhile been operated on by a team of specialists summoned from all over the world — and realised that there was nothing more to be done for Alexander, he told the doctors quietly, "Don't torture him any longer."

The Onassises and the Niarchoses then all came home to Glyfada, while only Christina stayed with her brother.

Mr. Onassis had turned to stone from sorrow. To me, who stood crying in a corner

of the room, Mrs. Garoufalidis said, "Don't let him see you cry, Georgia. It only makes him worse."

Mr. Onassis had been upstairs in his room for a couple of hours when Dr. Garoufalidis (Artemis's husband) arrived with the news of Alexander's death.

Ari was told as he was descending the stairs. For the first time in eight years I saw large, unrestrained tears course down his face.

Without a word, he turned and slowly walked





ABOVE: Fiona Campbell, Alexander Onassis's great love, was 17 years older than Alex. She reverted to her maiden name after divorcing Baron Heinrich von Thyssen.

upstairs, locking himself in his room.

He did not want anyone with him, not even Jacqueline, at that terrible moment.

It was I who chose the suit Alexander was to be buried in. I took his favorite suit from his cupboard, and carried it to the hospital.

I didn't see, but was told that the poor boy's body was one complete fracture.

As to the cause of the accident, I know only what was said in the Onassis house. That is, that the plane crashed because the engine stalled suddenly.

Fiona Campbell came to the funeral. After the ceremony, she was received by Mr. Onassis at Glyfada. They talked for half an hour, and she was asked to stay for a couple of days.

I can still see her, seated on the bed in tears, with a photograph of Alexander on her bedside table. From the way she acted, I could tell how great her love for Alexander had been.

On the evening of the funeral, Christina told her father, "Now we must help Fiona." To this he just replied woodenly: "She cannot expect anything. Let her return to modelling."

On the occasion of the "40th day after death," when it is a Greek custom to visit the tomb of the deceased, Fiona was asked to Skorpios (I had gone there with Onassis for this day) but she was only invited to go there

the day after the Onassis and Niarchos families had left.

Now I remember that Colonel Papadopoulos also came to Glyfada to offer his condolences. At the time, he was still head of state in Greece. To Onassis he said: "Mr. Onassis, you have lost a son, but all Greece is in mourning because we have lost a benefactor."

### Ari collected his son's belongings

To honor his lost son, Mr. Onassis wanted to build a mausoleum on Skorpios. Mrs. Garoufalidis told me, but the church authorities had not given permission.

I have also heard talk about a large hospital that Onassis wanted to build in Greece, dedicated to his son's memory, the cost of which was to be divided evenly between Onassis and Tina Niarchos. But of course, Tina died last October.

After Alexander's death, Mr. Onassis made a pitiful collection of all that had belonged to his son. Childhood toys, clothes, books, pictures, furniture, all kinds of odds and ends are now stored in some of the rooms of Alexander's apartment in Monte Carlo.

The only things missing from those rooms are the contents of the private safe which Alexander kept in the cellars of his aunt's villa at Glyfada.

That safe has a story, Mr.

Onassis ordered it from the United States for his son's private use, and only Alexander knew the combination.

The safe was attached by an alarm system to the nearest police station. More than once, due to the cellar's humidity, there was a short-circuit and the alarm went off, bringing the police rushing to the villa.

I am easily frightened, I admit, and I asked Mrs. Garoufalidis, "Madame, couldn't it happen that, seeing the police arrive, some criminal will realise we have a safe and maybe try to rob it and kill us all?"

Artemis replied, "There is no danger, Georgia, don't worry. There are no valuables in the safe, only documents. I think my brother's will, and maybe even Alexander's, are kept there."

After her nephew's death, Mrs. Garoufalidis more than once asked her brother to get the safe opened. Onassis always said, "Yes, yes." But at least until the day I left his service, the safe remained closed.

This might explain the rumor that circulated in Athens that the safe held a life-insurance policy Alex had made out in Fiona's favor. But this was only a rumor, and I don't know what was in the safe.

His son's death was more than a blow to Onassis, it was the end of his hopes and joys. His whole character

changed. It hasn't been party-time on Skorpios any more.

I remember having read somewhere that Mr. Onassis liked pornographic magazines and sexy films. Nothing could be more untrue. On the contrary, he is a man of almost puritan moral principles.

It is well known that before his marriage to Jackie, Ari was a great friend of her younger sister Lee, (married to Polish Prince Stanislas Radziwill).

### Ari disapproves of Jackie's sister

What most people probably do not know, is that this long friendship finished abruptly two summers ago. Here is the reason:

As usual in summer, the Onassis family was on Skorpios, with the Kennedy children, Lee and her husband "Stash" Radziwill, and a few other friends — "important" American acquaintances of Jackie.

Among these Americans was a distinguished older man, who, I was told, was a famous American businessman.

A romance between Lee and this man was born that summer, on Skorpios. They probably did not try to hide it, for it soon reached Ari's ears and he was most disapproving.

From what Artemis told me, Ari took Lee aside and reminded her that she had a husband and two children, and that it was bad taste for her to flirt with another man, right under her husband's eyes.

Then, realising his advice had been ignored, Onassis, in no uncertain terms, asked Lee and her "beloved" to leave his island.

This they hurriedly did, for everyone knows an Onassis order must always be obeyed immediately.

Since then, Ari has not wanted anything more to do with his sister-in-law.

Mr. Onassis has very definite ideas on a woman's place in the scheme of life, and doesn't hesitate to make his views felt.

If Jacqueline happens to enter a room where he is having business discussions, he tells her to go away and not bother him — sometimes even using stronger language. Jackie then turns around and goes upstairs.

Ari reached the top of the ladder after starting from the very bottom rung, so his language is not always polite. When he is angry he swears quite strongly (like most men, I think).

The chauffeur told me about a time when he was driving Jackie and Ari somewhere and they were arguing loudly in the car.

Although the driver understands some English,

he couldn't make out what they were quarrelling about.

At a certain point, however, Ari shouted, "Shut up and go to hell" in Greek.

Although Jackie doesn't speak Greek, she obviously understood those words perfectly well, and started arguing all over again.

Onassis just ignored her, his technique at such times, which made her even more furious.

Being both strongwilled people, used to getting their own way, they argue often. Some of the crew of the Christina have told me that on board they are forever quarrelling.

Be that as it may, Jackie and Ari have their happy moments as well, like most married couples. She is always the provocative one, caressing him, giving him little kisses, talking softly and teasingly while she strokes his head.

So far as I know, he has never turned down her advances. It is up to her to make the first move, but she knows she will always be met halfway.

My master is a strange man in many ways. For instance, he never goes to meet his wife at the airport. Suppose she says she will arrive at mid-day. Ari orders a chauffeur to meet her at the airport, then leaves for his office about ten minutes before she is due.

Later he'll telephone home to say he won't be back for lunch (so Jackie has to eat alone on her arrival). And he makes no effort to return before evening.

There are some women who enjoy this sort of treatment, because everything has always come so easily to them that the change is stimulating and challenging. I think Jackie is probably this kind of woman.

Jackie, unlike her predecessors Tina Livanos and Maria Callas, has never been much loved by her husband's domestic staff. She is very much "the boss's wife."

### Ari the target for begging letters

We of the household have the impression that she "acts" a lot — that she is not always completely sincere. We may be wrong, of course, but Alexander, who so hated any kind of hypocrisy or falseness, felt the same way, and that is one of the main reasons he did not like his stepmother.

Alexander was always extremely kind-hearted. As Ari was the target for a constant stream of begging letters, he refused to read any of them. Sometimes they would come into Alexander's hands, and the boy would help secretly whenever he could.

Ari once said to him, "When you put your hand in your pocket, don't forget you may find a porcupine there."

He meant that meddling in someone else's affairs might cause unexpected problems.

Another secret Alexander tried to guard fiercely was the help he'd give the sick. More than once he took his private plane to fly some sick person from a remote village to hospital piloting them himself. He never admitted it, but I know he saved more than one life this way.

With Alexander gone, Alex whom I had seen grow into a man and whom I had loved like a son (the gold medallion of a Madonna and Child he once gave me has never left the chain around my neck since), I had no wish to stay at Glyfada. There was no more reason for me to put up with Mrs. Garoufalidis's temper.

Once, returning home with her husband at 3 a.m., she ordered all the servants out of bed because she thought the floor had not been cleaned properly.

### Loves her brother and protects him

Another time, a few years ago, when she did not like the way the meatballs were cooked she took one and threw it right in the cook's face. (And that cook was a real artist in the kitchen.)

But she loves her brother, Ari, and does all she can to keep him from harm. She is not a bad person at heart.

A few months ago — in July — I walked out without even asking for the wages due to me. It happened like this.

One day when her brother was away, Mrs. Garoufalidis insisted on my organising a dinner-party for eight or ten people at her house (I was paid to work for her brother, not for her as well).

I was not well that day, but she insisted. (I suffer from quite a serious form of sciatica.)

I told her, "Madam, I am ill. You cannot ask me to work in this condition."

To this she said, "I have to give this dinner-party. So, either you start working or you leave."

I gathered my belongings and walked out.

But Mrs. Garoufalidis never gave that particular dinner party, because the other four maids who worked for her left with me.

I have never wanted to go back to Glyfada, not even to say goodbye to Mr. Onassis. I am afraid that on finding myself in that house again, so full of memories of Alexander, I wouldn't have the strength of mind to leave.



# Could a male be called MR. MATRON

(or Matron Sir)

## and keep his reason?

— asks  
**RON SAW**

My father's distant cousin Pillory Mince once gave cause for scandal and concern by going into the Commonwealth Public Service. He started as some kind of clerk in Repatriation and worked his way up to the position of tea-lady.

It was a quite important job — he didn't actually buy the tea, but he had to requisition for it, and for the cups and saucers and spoons, which involved filling in about 30 forms and orders in quadruplicate every month — and he might have gone higher if he hadn't objected to the Deputy Director addressing him as "Tea... er... lady."

### It was official

"Don't call me lady," said Cousin Pillory. "I'm no bloody lady, mate."

"You're certainly no gentleman," said the Deputy Director.

"Why can't I be called the Tea Officer or the Refreshments Supervisor or something like that?" asked Pillory.

"Because there is simply no such position," he was told. "The job you do carries the title of tea-lady, so you're a tea-lady. How could you possibly be anything else. Mm... I beg your pardon. Are you married?"

"No."

"How could you possibly be anything else, Miss Mince?"

Pillory stayed in the job, but he never pretended to like it.

Thinking about him I can more easily understand the nervous state of mind of John Manton, the male nurse who has been appointed — and has assumed the title with some relief — deputy superintendent of the Rachel Forster Hospital in Redfern, Sydney. He was relieved because, until recently, he'd have been called deputy matron. He had to be classed as a sister — and often called

"mister sister" — after passing his nursing exams, but can a male be called Mister Matron, or Matron Sir, and keep his reason?

I think not.

I often wanted to ask the same question of Ray Rigby, who was matron of a private hospital in St. Kilda, Vic., but I didn't ask him. Mr. Rigby was then a national champion weight-lifter and shot-putter, weighed 20 stone, and seemed to have a sharp temper.

Men are not alone in this problem. For years we've had lady aldermen and nobody's ever bothered to do anything about it. One might imagine that, with more and more women bustling into local government, the antiquated term alderman would be done away with, to be replaced with councillor. But it isn't. Women seem to like it. God knows why.

### Game's names

Mrs. Kath Anderson was always known as "chairman" when she had the job of chairman of the Sydney County Council. Why? I don't say it should have been chairwoman or, worse, chairlady, but why not director, or senior manager, or even boss?

I don't recall that it ever bothered Kath, but the Women's Libbers got in a terrible jangle about it.

Cousin Gregory Mince's sister, Parsley, when she gave up horsebreaking, became a pretty good cricketer. She played for Widgeemooltha, W.A., then Kalgoorlie, and some said she'd have gone on to represent the State if only she'd been more tolerant of the names of the game.

They could never play her at third man — and they wanted to because she had an eye like a hawk and hands

like baseball gloves — because she objected to being called a man of any kind; and that despite the fact that she wore cream flannel trousers, chewed tobacco and shaved every Friday. Oddly enough, I've yet to hear of another woman cricketer objecting.

Newly, wildly emancipated women have, mind you, asked sticky questions.

For instance, Mrs. Janice Crosio, now the Mayor of Fairfield, Sydney, wants to know how her husband, Ivor, should be addressed. Mayor? Sir Mayor? Mr Mayor? He should, after all, have some kind of title. The wives of mayors and lord mayors have been getting away with it for long enough. And there has been a move to bring back the obsolete term alderwoman — even though it referred not to a lady elected to a council but to the wife of an alderman.

Still the nursing profession remains the nagging problem. In 1970 the N.S.W. nursing-aide exams were topped by Brother Daniel McEwen, who felt that he needed the experience in his work. Sooner or later, presumably, Bro. McEwen will upgrade himself, becoming either Sister Brother McEwen or Brother Sister McEwen.

### Mister in law

Finally and most posterously there is the case of Miss Roma Mitchell, QC, who, in 1965, was elevated to the Supreme Court of SA. It was announced, quite firmly, that she would be known as "Mr. Justice Mitchell."

Since then she's been known as that, as Miss Justice Mitchell, Her Honor Justice Mitchell, and MRS. Justice Mitchell.

That sort of thing causes the mind to reel; but sooner or later we'll come to grips with it.

If we can have a male spinster tea-lady there's absolutely nothing incongruous about a married female bachelor jurist.

# Harriet (13) has brilliant future as a writer

Her first book, dedicated to two Australian school friends, is a smash. But her current ambition is to be a tennis champion who also plays clarinet concertos in the Albert Hall.

By **LARRY BOYS,**  
in London

SHE has golden hair turning brown, and brown eyes turning golden. At 13, her mother's clothes are already too small for her, and she would love to be a champion tennis player who doubles on the clarinet.

Harriet Mott is ("say 'was'," she insists) an infant prodigy. At the age of 11 she wrote a book to amuse herself and her school friends, and she's still amused — and amazed — that it seems certain to become a best-seller.

"I can't understand what all the fuss is about," she said. "All these interviews and photographs. They wanted me to go on television but I turned that down. I couldn't bear it. And I'm not that shy, you know."

### Fame won't turn her head

It's true, Harriet isn't shy. But she is not at all precocious and her mother, Caroline, 34, is confident Harriet's sudden fame will not turn her head.

Harriet's book, "The Year of the Fire," beautifully illustrated by Phillida Gili, has just been published in London by Sidgwick and Jackson.

It is an enchanting story of two young schoolgirls, Gillian and Alexandra, who encounter a mysterious force in an old country mansion that keeps slipping them back and forward in time between the present and the late Victorian era.

In their time-slip Victorian spells they are invisible to the people around them, and have some exciting fly-on-the-wall experiences before managing to save the life of a baby that would otherwise have perished in a fire at the mansion.

And at the end of the story, they discover that the baby is still alive — a gentle old lady living in the village. The story moves along at a cracking pace, and is compulsive reading for adults as well as children. It has an easy, unaffected

charm, with Victorian clothes, manners, speech, habits, attitudes, standards, and relationships described with astonishing accuracy.

There is a dramatic twist to the story at the end, but it would be unfair to reveal this, as the book will soon be on sale in Australia.

The book is dedicated to "Helen and Kate," Harriet's closest friends at Camden School for Girls — and both Helen and Kate are Australian.

Helen Rose, now back in Brisbane, was in London with her parents while her father, a computer-engineer, was on long leave from the University of Queensland.

Kate Cole-Adams, daughter of a Melbourne

doesn't need lipstick and, she swears, never will.

"Oh, yes, I know, there was a lot of poverty around, and poor people slaving away in dreadful factories for farthings and halfpennies."

"But I'm a romantic. I overlook these things. I set my mind against them. I like to think of those cosy little shops with tinkly bells on the doors that sold humbugs and licorice sticks and toffee apples to boys in knickerbockers and girls in long frocks and frills."

"Do you think I'm being dishonest? After all, the history books at school tell us all about those things and queens and emperors, but they don't tell us much about the slaves and poor people."

Harriet was wearing a long skirt and a tight sweater. "The Victorians knew how to dress ladies with ample bosoms, and I think I'm going to have a Victorian figure. You know what? I've already got a bust twice as large as Mother's. Look! She doesn't need to wear a bra, but I do."

"I know the Victorians were stuffy in many ways, but I find them fascinating. I suppose I'll grow out of it, but I enjoy indulging in Victorian fantasies."

Harriet's favorite subjects at school (Camden is a State school) are scripture, English, art, and music — "but not music the way they teach it: this is C, this is F, this is D, and so on — string them together and you make a scale."

### "I love the Victorian period"

was consulting me about the illustrations.

"Me! I couldn't believe it."

What motivated Harriet to write the book? "I love the Victorian period, the latter part, that is. It was so romantic. All those elegant clothes and delicate manners: the coaches, the carriages, the prancing horses, and the simple fact that there were no motor cars and other horrid modern things polluting everything."

She gave a little frown and pursed a full mouth that

"Music should be taught actively — on the instruments. I'm mad over the clarinet since I first heard 'Peter and the Wolf'."

"But I've had four clarinet teachers in two years and each makes me start afresh — not on the fingering but on their own favorite method of blowing through the mouthpiece and nursing the reed and all that, to get the best tone."

"I want to get on with the fingering. I can play a few simple pieces by Bach, Handel, Scarlatti, and so on,





ABOVE: Kate Cole-Adams, one of the two Australian schoolgirl-friends to whom Harriet dedicated her book, watches her work on a montage for a bedroom wall. LEFT: The second girl, Helen Rose, now at home in Indooroopilly, Qld. When she was in England, Helen attended Camden School with Harriet and Kate.



Harriet Mott with the family's Chinchilla-persian cat, Dudley.



Left: At their Islington (London) home, Mrs. Catherine Mott (right), who is 34, nursing Jacob (3), with Rebecca (11) at left, and Harriet.

but Mozart and Beethoven terrify me.

"I think maybe I'm a bit of a fraud, for when I'm by myself I like to put on an old Beatles disc, or good quality folk, or rhythm and blues. I might dance around if nobody's looking.

"I took ballet lessons for a while but gave it up. It is too — what would you say? —

stylised for me. I like spontaneous dancing. My mother's a keen dancer — a very good one, too. That's how she keeps that teenage figure of hers."

Catherine, her mother, laughed and said: "She's always taking the mickey, but she'll have to watch her own figure. It's getting off to a flying start, I'd say."

Harriet: "I do, I do. I do my yoga exercises. I get into the lotus position and keep at it until it hurts. When it hurts, you know it's doing you some good."

Kate Cole-Adams, who was present at the interview said: "You know what Harriet wants to do with the money? She wants to take a trip to Australia, after I go

back, and stay with me in Melbourne and then Helen in Brisbane."

Harriet: "That's quite true. I've been dreaming about it ever since I met Kate and Helen. Everybody says: 'What's your next book going to be about?' There's not a single real idea in my head. Maybe I shall get some ideas in Australia."

Does Harriet want to go on to be a full-time professional writer? "I don't know. It's far too early to say, really. I've thought about writing, about journalism, about acting, about music, about being a champion tennis player.

"I love watching tennis on the television and sometimes I have fantasies about being

the only champion tennis player who plays clarinet concertos in the Albert Hall.

"But it's all dreams, really. I know that I must really concentrate and get through my 'O' levels and 'A' levels and go on to university."

Again, the frown, the pursing of the lips. "I wondered about teaching. But being a snob myself I don't think I'd be able to manage children. Maybe that's why I like Victorians. They were such barefaced snobs. I suppose when I pass through my snobby phase — and I know I shall — I shall also pass through my Victorian phase."

Kate, cryptically: "Never mind, Harriet. There's another Victorian phase waiting for you in Melbourne."



## TESTING TIMES

**W**HETHER examinations are indispensable components of all sane and efficient education systems, or merely anxiety-loaded and useless rituals perpetuated by old-fashioned pedagogues, has been a hotly debated issue for some time.

Personally, I agree that exams — especially those in which the outcome may influence one's whole future — are unpleasant affairs. Though, of course, one may feel marvellously elated after passing an especially nasty one.

For instance, in my native Hungary, failing in the final secondary school exam, the *matura*, was a major disgrace. More years than I like to remember have passed since my confrontation with that monster. And, although I beat it easily, I still have nightmares about my insufficient preparedness in one subject — physics.

Later and more difficult examinations at two universities never disturb my rest. It is always the *matura* — or, rather, the dread I must have felt about the chance of an ignoble failure — that keeps coming back (not too frequently, thank God) in my dreams.

I have volunteered this autobiographical note merely to show that I understand those who wish to abolish examinations. However, despite my sympathy, I cannot support their ranks for the simple reason that no one seems to have found a satisfactory alternative to them.

For instance, the extreme suggestion of "self assessment" — by which a student himself (or herself) would decide how well or how badly he had progressed — is obvious lunacy. How many people would submit, say, to an operation by a surgeon whose own favorable opinion about ability would be the sole guarantee of his or her skill?

The proposal of "group assessment" of a student by his colleagues is just as unacceptable. It reminds me of the saying that a bunch of beggars don't make a millionaire.

Among the many arguments against examinations is the one that people who later turned out to be geniuses were either poor scholars or had failed this or that exam. This is, of course, a fact. To mention but a few, Charles Darwin, Richard Wagner, Einstein, Churchill and Gandhi were all below-average schoolboys.

### LITTLE ABUSE OF POWER

On the other hand, most geniuses did well, and even brilliantly at school. It is also a fact that a bad school-record is no indication of great talent.

Complaints against unfair examiners — or examination papers — may be justified occasionally. There is more than a grain of truth in the saying that "examinations are formidable even to the best prepared, for the greatest fool may ask more than the wisest man can answer."

But, in my experience — shared by others whom I interviewed on this subject — cranks and other "great fools" who abuse their powers and pose questions intended to confuse or frustrate their helpless victims are a small minority. Although I may not have done so at that time, I must admit now that whenever I had failed to answer an exam question I could only blame myself.

I fully subscribe to the aim of providing equal educational opportunities for all. Realisation of this important aim involves spending huge amounts of taxpayers' money on schools, universities and the like. Just recently, the Federal Minister for Education, Mr. Beazley, has said that "investment" from public funds in the education of a child who leaves school at 15 is \$4,000. In an honors degree it is \$64,000. The Australian National University in Canberra costs \$10,000 per student each year.

Clearly, the right to "free" education must be a two-way affair — it must also carry the student's obligation to study. Only a reasonable form of assessment of performance can establish whether this obligation is fulfilled. And, for the time being, the only way to find this out is by examinations. No country — whatever its political, social or economic system may be — has been able to forego them.

So, while reforms of present examination techniques may be desirable, I don't think that any method can eliminate their essential, but anxiety-producing, feature — uncertainty about their outcome. Hence, it seems that what an American President said about politicians — that those who can't stand the heat shouldn't be in the kitchen — will remain also valid for students.

## COMPACT

Artist  
NINA  
REEVES

## SICKBED LED TO A NEW ART CAREER

**A** SERIOUS illness that kept her a patient in a Newcastle (N.S.W.) hospital for two years turned out to be a blessing in disguise for artist Nina Reeves.

"It gave me the courage to begin all over again, doing something I'd always wanted to do," said Miss Reeves.

The "something" was studying art and handicrafts.

Thirteen years ago, after being released from hospital, she set off for Sydney and enrolled in a sculpture course at East Sydney Technical College.

"Until then I'd just plodded on at a variety of jobs in millinery, tailoring, and dressmaking," said the 57-year-old artist. "Art had been just a favorite pastime."

After a series of courses in various aspects of art, Miss Reeves joined the Arts and Crafts Society of N.S.W. and began selling her works at the centre in the Rocks area.

Besides wood carvings and oil and water colors, she now produces an endless stream of handicrafts, including printed tablecloths, dress materials, silk cravats, and greeting cards.



She used a razor blade to get this unusual effect on scraperboard.

A small flat in central Sydney doubles as home and workshop.

Tissue paper, fabric scraps and old magazines ("the Women's Weekly color pages are a boon") are used in interesting collages.

Nothing is wasted or overlooked. The carved seat of a discarded wooden chair serves to form a beautiful wood-cut print; a meat skewer adds an unusual touch to a pen sketch.

A razor blade achieves

the desired effect of a modern theme in crayon or paint on scraperboard.

Her ability to change otherwise neglected bits and pieces into artistic forms was primarily fostered at the annual winter crafts school in Bathurst, N.S.W.

The week-long school, begun in August, 1973, and subsidised by the Federal Government, caters for every type of art, including creative dancing, acrylic painting,

off-loom weaving and spinning.

"My teacher encouraged me to think out ideas; to use any materials and all tools."

Miss Reeves has at last summoned the courage to test her talents in the Wynne Prize, conducted by the Art Gallery of N.S.W.

"I'm about to submit a water color and a sculpture for the 1975 contest."

"But I wouldn't blame them in the least if they throw both entries out!"

## BOOK ABOUT DUCHESS ON SALE 'SOON'

**THE** story of the king who gave up his throne for the woman he loved never ceases to fascinate.

Earlier this year, we serialised Ralph G. Martin's book, "The Woman He Loved," the life story of Wallis Warfield Simpson, for whom Edward VIII gave up a kingdom.

### Big response

Many readers wrote to say how much they had enjoyed it and to inquire when the book would be available here.

Latest word is that advance copies have arrived in Australia and the book should be on sale in the bookstores from early January.

"The Woman He Loved," by Ralph G. Martin, is published by W. H. Allen & Co. Ltd.

## HE'S QUITE A GUY . . .



**GUY** the gorilla, one of the main attractions at London Zoo, has a serious look — as befits a star approaching 30 years of age. Guy went to London from West Africa after World War II, when he was about 18 months old and weighed 25lb. He now weighs about 400lb. He was originally owned by a family called Funks, hence his name, a play on Guy Fawkes.

## 25 YEARS AGO . . .

**JENNIFER** Jones, married to producer David Selznick, was starring in the film of the Mary Webb novel "Gone to Earth" . . . A new low-waisted fashion was shown by Paris designers. Long moulded tops ended at the neckline.

## With some reservations!

**A FRIEND'S** small son announced that he had a big part in his kindergarten's Christmas play.

His mother was delighted. (The year before, he'd been a sheep.)

"This year," he said importantly, "I am going to be Joseph, and I have to talk."

He thought for a moment. "I have to say, 'There's no room at the motel'."

Mother: "Are you sure you have to say 'motel'?"

Son: "Well, no, not really. But it's a word that means motel!"





# New Twiglets and Cheeselets so delicious, words fail you.

Twiglets are a snap-happy twig with a scrumptious savoury flavouring and Cheeselets are bite-size squares with the tangy taste of cheese.

So try them. You'll be lost for words.



**Peek  
Freans**



## A Christmas party to be remembered

## Singing and dancing on the bridge, by the light of colored hurricane lanterns

"In the early Depression years my parents arrived from England to start a new life in Western Australia," says KAY DEE, who wrote this story. "I now live overlooking the Pacific Ocean, in N.S.W., but no Christmas has ever been as beautiful as the one we had on that starlit night in the West Australian bush."

WE arrived in Fremantle on a hot December day — such a contrast to the cold, foggy November we had left behind.

My mother, who hated boarding houses or hotels, went to an estate agent who found us a small, furnished weatherboard cottage right on the beach in South Fremantle.

This we thought wonderful. We had lovely sunshine, and the sparkling Indian Ocean as our front garden.

But at twelve years of age I was homesick, homesick for school friends and three boy cousins I had grown up with. Being an only child, the boys had been my "brothers." How I missed them.

It was an unhappy and weepy girl my parents had to cope with on our first Australian Christmas, two weeks after our arrival.

I wanted the snow and glamor of an English Christmas, the sleigh bells and carol singers. How could one associate Christmas with glaring heat, burning white sand, and no friends or relatives?

### Bloomers "turned blue with cold"

I awoke on Christmas morning to find Santa had been. My gifts were not in the stocking I had put out the night before, but were packed into the old blue gym bloomers I used to wear at school.

On a card attached, my father had written: "Red lannel bloomers turned blue with cold." Dear Dad. He wanted desperately for my mother and his girl to be happy in their new homeland.

Six months we stayed in Fremantle, and six months in Perth. Then one day my parents announced that as we hadn't come to Australia to be city dwellers, we were going bush. My heart sank. I had just made friends at school, and the thought of leaving filled me with gloom.

I begged to stay on at school as a boarder.

My mother said I couldn't. "We are going to the wild Australian bush," she said. "Who knows, we might be attacked and killed by wild Australian Aborigines, so we must stay together."

Dad failed to see the logic of her statement, but pointed out that they needed me with them.

Soon we were on our way to Busselton, en route to Karridale in the beautiful forest country of the South-West.

### A shack of corrugated iron

My father had bought a disbanded Group Settlement farm on the banks of the lovely Blackwood River. Our house was a corrugated iron shack with a dirt floor, our water supply a creek that ran down the hillside into the river.

Mother burnt all our clothes the first night there. We were covered in fleas. She couldn't understand how such a lovely place could harbor vermin. Fleas in England were associated with filth and squalor.

The dingo howling at night didn't worry her. He was calling his mate. Just the dirty fleas were a problem. We overcame it with flea powder included in our grocery order by an understanding grocer in Busselton.

As Dad remarked, "What a blessing that grocer was. If Mother had continued burning our clothing each night we would have become Karridale's first nudist colony."

Dad got some rejected sleepers from a team of sleeper cutters working on part of our property, and laid them inside the shack to make a floor.

Mother put down some of the rugs she had brought from England, and with the furnishings we had bought in

Perth, our shack had the cosy appearance of home.

Even so, it was a primitive way of life. Dad was clearing the bush to add to the 400 acres of land already under cultivation, and our nearest neighbors were five miles away.

They were a family of twelve children. Mum, Dad, and Gran — lovely, happy people who had migrated from Queensland to W.A. We all became firm friends, and I shared correspondence lessons with their four youngest children.

Our third Christmas in Australia was the most memorable. It was also the 21st birthday of our neighbor's eldest son, a handsome young man, my first "crush."

All the neighboring farming folk wanted to give Alec a surprise party. But where? We had no rooms, no hall — in fact, no floors. Most of the farmhouses had slab floors. How could we dance?

Mother came up with an idea. How about the new Alexander Bridge over the Blackwood River? It had a wooden floor. There would be no traffic problems, as only sleeper carters and a handful of farmers used the bridge.

Christmas night was warm and fragrant, with a bright, starlit sky as a ceiling.

### Candle wax for easier dancing

The bridge was decorated with hurricane lamps with glass covers painted red, yellow, green, and blue. We young fry grated candle wax on to the boards to make them easier to dance on. Foliage from the bush was tied with colored crepe paper ribbons — beautiful gum tips, and golden West Australian Christmas bush.

Fires had been lit to boil kerosene tins of water for tea and coffee. Even a keg of beer had been donated.

Each lady brought a plate, or several plates. Alec's gran

had made the lovely birthday cake, and trestle tables decorated with wild fern were laden with every kind of dish. Nuts, fruit, sweets, all the Christmas goodies added to the birthday feast.

The whole scene looked like fairyland — the beautifully decorated bridge, the colored lights, the golden glow of the fires reflected in the dark waters of the river.

The girls, daughters of neighboring farmers, in their best summer frocks, and the boys in their white, faji-silk shirts, all added to the magic of the scene. How could

snow and cold weather be preferable to this?

Alec was surprised. He thought they were visiting his girlfriend's home for tea. He couldn't believe it was all there for him.

We sang and danced to the music of two accordions and a mouth organ, until the early hours of Boxing Day, then most of us milked our cows and did the usual farm chores before we grabbed a few hours' sleep.

Who needed sleep after such a beautiful, glorious night? Was there ever a more wonderful 21st birthday

party than the one we celebrated with Alec on the bridge over the lovely Blackwood River?

What happy days we had, in spite of the Depression, in spite of losing our home in a bush fire. Our farm flourished. My mother's English garden grew abundantly, thanks to our creek, which had water through the longest and hottest summers.

My parents loved their Australian home, and their many friends. They are both at rest in their own little patch of Australian soil.

## "SANTA" CAME TO THE FARMHOUSE (and took away the fleas!)

Country reader OLIVE USHER tells how kindly neighbors saved her family from a "hard times" Christmas.

AS Christmas 1945 approached, my husband and I found ourselves cold, stony broke.

We had assets such as youth (we were in our late twenties), love for each other, our young family of four, and unquenchable hope. But we were in the midst of the roaring drought, with all the worries it brings to farmers.

We had debts to storekeepers for food for ourselves and our cattle; medical debts to the hospital, doctors, and chemists for my ill health; loans owing to the bank. And we had a flea plague!

Christmas seemed anything but cheerful. There was no question of pulling out and going to the city, even if we wanted to, for who would buy cattle and machinery and rent a farm during a drought? We hung on.

The monthly child endowment cheque came. We bought small gifts for the children, and paid the baker. There was ONE storekeeper we were able to look in the eye.

It was tradition at that time for the local community to gather in the small township on Christmas Eve for a few drinks, but we knew that there was no money for such delights and so, after tucking the children into bed and assuring them that Santa Claus would be coming, we did our chores and went to bed.

Later, during the night, I awoke to hear our dog growling a warning. Then I heard a car pull up on the road near our house, and another. I was terrified, and woke my husband. He could hear nothing, and told me not to worry. I lay awake, as I could still hear the dog growling.

Next thing the air was rent with paroxysms of barking, and with shoutings of "Surprise! Surprise!" and "Happy Christmas!"

We got dressed and went out on to the veranda. Our neighbors were clustered at the foot of the steps, their faces beaming. They were holding up parcels of festive food and drink.

Of course, we had to have a Christmas drink there and then, and I cut the Christmas cake my mother had sent from Sydney (wondering, meanwhile, what I could tell the children on the morrow, when there would be no cake for them). Our neighbors would not come into the house for fear of waking the children, and stayed on the veranda, where the fleas were thickest.

I can still see the scene, as I cast my mind back — Collie and Irene, Maisie and James, Joe, and "Uncle George." They knew of our battle to keep going, for although older than ourselves, and better established, they too were going through a hard time.

How marvellous it was to have the warm friendship of those fellow-farmers on that night. We were stunned that anyone thought enough of us to give of their time, their gaiety, and their gifts.

After they had gone we opened the parcels, and there was a Christmas cake, a Christmas pudding, cordial and nuts and sweets for the children. I cried! Santa Claus really HAD come during the night.

There was an aftermath to that happy occasion. My husband was in our local store a few days later, when "Uncle George" spotted him across the room.

"Hey, Maxie!" he yelled. "Why don't you come on up home and take back some of them fleas?"

It was true. After the party we were devoid of fleas. They had found new blood, and being on a good thing, were sticking to it. They had gone home with their new hosts.

What a Christmas to remember!



## IN DENMARK:

CHRISTMAS comes early to Denmark. In this fairytale land of Hans Christian Andersen and long winter days, celebrations begin on December 1.

The first snow might fall in November. Then, by Christmas it's cold enough to hang on the trees, making lace tracery of the branches; cold enough to lie on the ground for many days, getting thicker and more crunchy as it sets to ice.

On December 1, townsfolk and the tourists gather on the Rådhuspladsen, the square in front of the city hall, a beautiful and unique old building, where a fir tree, almost 24 metres tall, and massed with little colored lights, will be lit up by the mayor to proclaim the Christmas season.

## CALENDAR

On December 1, every Danish child awakens to find a "jule" (Christmas calendar) hanging on the wall above his bed. It is of printed linen, with 24 little pockets embroidered consecutively with the dates, and in each pocket a small present — a sweet, a pencil, a small book — all wrapped and be-ribboned. The last date will be the 24th, the day the Danes celebrate Christmas.

On December 1, Danish children gather round the TV at 6 in the evening for the first of the daily jule programs. Each child has a jule picture; a large, colored cardboard-backed picture — it may be of a village scene, for instance — with a perforated pull-off for each day.

A story based on the picture will be enacted on the TV, by puppets, and at the end of each episode the children tear off the perforation for that day. The pull-off will reveal a scene from the story, or one of the characters.

Santa Claus hasn't the same significance here as in the Anglo-Saxon world. Strange, when you think that Father Christmas lives in Greenland, which is part of Denmark!

Here, a little sprite or Christmas hobgoblin, called a "nisse," a sort of relic from heathen times, plays the dominant role in the Christmas fun and games, and gets up to all sorts of tricks.

Visits of friends and families will be especially joyful during December. Candles, always a part of a Danish home, come in all shapes, sizes, and colors, and are everywhere in the home, from December 1. Brightly burning day and night, they

## It's 'Glaedelig Jul!' round a candle-lit tree

JILL SPENCER will be saying 'Glaedelig Jul!' — 'Merry Christmas!' — this year in Denmark, where she is spending two years. (The English word *yule* comes from the Scandinavian 'jule'.)

welcome visitors, in every room.

Jule candles are a special part of giving and receiving. Guests bring, always with flowers, a large candle set on a small "slice" of tree trunk, decked with pieces of fir cones, leaves, and ribbons.

In return, everyone will be offered a glass of steaming glogg, a spiced red wine, laced with slivers of almonds, raisins, and orange peel.

Another Christmas candle, printed down the side with a date for each day, is lit as a ritual each morning at breakfast, and burns until bedtime ingeniously only burning the portion marked for that day.

Throughout December, shops, homes, banks, and all places of business have bowls of special Christmas biscuits near the Christmas candle they burn to welcome guests.

Every home has its advent-krantz, a ring about 30cm in diameter, covered with pieces of fir tree, and hanging by ribbons from the ceiling. Candles stand on top of the ring, and paper angels or stars hang under it.

## WHITE CANDLES

On Christmas Eve, Christmas is celebrated. The family gathers round the tree decorated with little white candles, with cones and hearts cut out of colored paper and filled with sweets and nuts, and heart-shaped gingerbread biscuits, and miniature Danish flags. Baubles such as Australians hang on their Christmas trees are not a part of Danish trees.

When the tree has been lit, it's the Danish custom, to take one another by the hand and dance round the tree singing carols, old Danish Christmas songs, and often home-made verses referring to happenings in the family during the last year.

There are no Christmas cards, no Christmas pudding, no mince pies, and Christmas dinner is comparatively simple — roast goose, stuffed with apples and prunes, and served with spiced red cabbage, and caramel-browned potatoes.

No Christmas dinner is complete without the traditional rice porridge (riz a l'amande), a rice pudding made smooth and delicious with lashings of cream and chopped almonds.

Hidden in the porridge is one whole almond, and whoever gets it wins a prize in the form of a marzipan pig. Marzipan is very much a symbol of Christmas in Denmark.

## IN SCOTLAND:

## The happiness of belonging

Victorian HELEN BELL recalls a memorable Christmas spent with kinsfolk.

It was a wonderful Christmas the year I was ten. We were in Scotland. My grandmother and I lived alone in Australia, but that year we returned to our native land to visit relations.

My aunt, who lived in the beautiful Highlands, said, "You must stay with us for Christmas. We have a very happy time, and you'll have the children to play with." Robert Carter was twelve, his sister, Jill, nine.

For the first time I shared in all the preparations for a family Christmas. I weighed the fruit for the cake, stirred the pudding, and licked the spoons. We decorated the tree, and made paper chains and lanterns which we strung across the rooms.

We counted our money and planned our gifts. I had never known the thrill and great joy of buying presents.

"No, you can't have any money to buy me a present," Gran always said. "It's ridiculous, this Christmas shopping. Just the shops making a lot of money getting rid of their rubbish."

But now my cousins and I haunted the shops, and excitedly discussed suitable gifts and their values. We finally chose the world-famous store which had wonderful things for 6d (5

ELSIE LEEDS recalls an unwelcome visitor that arrived unexpectedly one Christmas Day, and nearly wrecked the Christmas dinner.

WHEN we were very young we lived just out of a tiny township in the north-west of Western Australia. On this particular day, we were playing with our Christmas presents on the veranda. Our native girl, Fanny, resplendent in a bright new gina-gina (dress) was keeping an eye on the baby.

My sister and I were all done up in white muslin dresses. Mother was making sauce for the pudding in the kitchen, our old Chinese cook was watching the dinner cooking.

The dinner table had been set on the veranda, the coolest spot, and was looking elegant with spotless cloth, polished glassware, dishes of nuts and raisins set around — when out of the blue, it came: A dust storm!

All over the table and its contents it flew, knocking everything on to the floor, tearing through the house over newly laundered bedspreads and curtains, and freshly polished floors; in through the kitchen, all over the opened tins of asparagus, peas, etc.,

## AND THE DINNER TABLE HAD BEEN LOOKING SO ELEGANT!

covering everything with fine red dust. Even the ham in the safe, cooked the day before, didn't escape.

My father, who had been visiting friends in the township, came home to find screaming kids, eyes full of dust, Fanny lamenting over her new gina-gina, Cookie going berserk in the kitchen. And visitors were coming to dinner, too!

In no time everything was organised. The Aborigines set to work sweeping up sand and dust, the kids were bathed and freshly dressed, Fanny consoled with a new gina-gina, and more tinned vegetables brought over from the store. The ham was washed and dried, and more nutmeg grated over it.

Luckily, the fowls roasting in the oven and the pudding simmering in the boiler at the back of the stove had escaped.

Just after Christmas, Mother had a letter from her sister in Victoria: "I just don't know how you stand the monotony of life up there, Mary, with nothing ever happening!"

cents) and one shilling (10 cents).

Later we shared a glow of secrecy as we wrapped our gifts, wrote the cards, and chose hiding places, which were usually very obvious.

The postman brought many parcels, which were placed in front of the Christmas tree.

"Why don't you open them?" Gran asked my aunt.

"We always keep them for Christmas day. We like it to be special, something to remember."

I knew that all the presents were for my cousins from their other relations; but I shared their pleasure. They had each bought me something "really good," they said.

## "ANOTHER BOOK"

Gran didn't believe in Christmas presents. "Stuff and nonsense. I've even known people to borrow money to buy presents for their children. As long as you've got warm clothes and enough food, what more do you want?"

Every year I received a book from my aunt, as it was easy to post. Gran always opened it when I was at school, and handed it to me saying, "Here's another book." I would have loved to open that parcel.

At home in Australia we made no preparations for Christmas Day. There was nothing to brighten it, nothing to make it worth remembering.

We went to church. We ate the same food. There was no one to play with, because everyone had their own friends and relations. I was always glad when it was over.

But this year I woke early, anxious not to lose one moment. We rushed to the window to see the snow which had fallen during the night. "A real white Christmas," I said. "Just like the Christmas cards."

The heap of presents had grown. I opened those from my aunt, but there were so many more. "They can't be mine," I said, bewildered. "I don't know the people, they don't know me."

All the relations on my uncle's side had sent the same present to me as to Jill. Her aunt in Canada had knitted us a scarf, beret, and mittens — blue for Jill, red for me. I couldn't believe that someone I had scarcely heard about could be so kind.

There were games and toys and jewellery for both of us, and each card read, "From Aunt and Uncle..." A warm feeling rose in me almost to bursting point.

It wasn't only that the presents were so lovely and varied, but that these people, most of whom I had never met, had treated me exactly the same as Jill.

For the first time I knew too the joy of giving and of hearing someone say, "It's just what I always wanted."

We had a delicious Christmas dinner, then all the fun of finding the coins in the plum pudding. I enjoyed the happy laughter, the kindly teasing, the feeling of belonging.

## SNOW MAN

After dinner we decorated a tree in the garden for the birds, with biscuits and bread and scraps of meat. We built a snow man, and had snow fights.

At night we went to a Christmas party. A neighbor welcomed us saying, "Here's the three Carter children."

That was the most thrilling moment in a wonderful day. I was acknowledged by someone else as part of the family. I really belonged.

That Christmas was the happiest time in all my childhood. For one glad, glorious Christmas season I had been part of a family, and had known the excitement, the joy and the warm happiness.





CYCLAMENS



POINSETTIA (Henrietta Eck)



CAMELLIA (Tomorrow)



WATTLE (Acacia baileyana)

## MAY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

## JUNE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

## JULY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

## AUGUST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
31					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30



WARATAHS (Telopea speciosissima)



ROSES (Alexander)



JAPANESE IRIS



CHRISTMAS BELLS (Blandfordia)

## SEPTEMBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30				

## OCTOBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

## NOVEMBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
30						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

## DECEMBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			



# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY CALENDAR FOR

# 1975

## DATES FOR EASTER:

Good Friday, March 28  
Easter Even, Saturday, March 29  
Easter Day, Sunday, March 30  
Easter Monday, March 31



LILIAM AURATUM (Raylee)



HAWAIIAN HIBISCUS (Miss Ueno)



DECORATIVE DAHLIA (Bill Orman)



EXHIBITION CHRYSANTHEMUM (Appert)

## JANUARY

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## MARCH

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## APRIL

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## CHRISTMAS STORIES

FATHER Eugenio Petrin's letter (November 20 issue), requesting financial aid and used Christmas cards for "his children" in India, brought back memories to me. At school, we used to write to this Italian priest as a penfriend, nearly 20 years ago. He had many pen-friends, and he often made his request for used cards through them. It was a surprise to learn through the Weekly that he is still in India, working for others.

\$2 from K.Z. to the Rev. Fr. Eugenio Petrin, West Bengal.

A FRIEND, who lives in a Scandinavian country, writes

to tell me how the people there help to feed the birds in winter. Coconuts are bought, and cut in halves. Two holes are pierced in each, and string is threaded through to hang them on the trees. The birds are able to supplement their meagre winter diet, and show their gratitude by chatting and chirping — in all, a pretty picture against the backdrop of deep, white snow.

\$2 to J.W. to be sent to the Cancer Research Foundation.

MY FAVORITE good-luck Christmas superstitions are: (1) To taste as many of my friends' Christmas puddings as possible, for each piece is said to bring one month of good luck in the coming year. (2) To leave the Christmas decorations untouched until Twelfth Night.

\$2 to L. Donoghue, North Ryde, N.S.W.

I FELL for the trend of telling children the truth about Santa, when my second child was old enough to understand. By the time he was 12 I was sorry I'd taken the magic of Christmas from his early years. Communication with him was no problem, so I told him of my views. His reply of, "I didn't believe you anyway, Mum," erased my feeling of guilt, but left me with the message: Let Christmas keep its magic, inclusive of the wonderful truth of the birth of Jesus.

\$2 to Mrs. E. Perks, Eastwood, N.S.W.

ON THE CONTINENT there is an old belief that just at midnight, on Christmas Eve, all the cattle kneel.

\$2 to A. E. Brown, Wooloowin Hts, Qld.

IT WAS in 1913 that we landed in Australia to join others on a sheep property 118 miles (190 km) south of Perth. There were no cars. One relied on horses, and a sulky, or wagon, to fetch the stores once a month from the nearest town. How bleak the prospects for our first Christmas in Australia seemed. Dad took the wagon to get the stores. He returned, saying, "I got everything but the fruits for the cake. They had all gone." Mother was crestfallen, for what was Christmas without a cake? — and she had invited our neighbor over for the day. At 10.30 on Christmas morning our visitor was knocking at the door. He handed Mother a parcel, saying, "I wasn't able to get into town to buy you something pretty, so I brought you all I had." Opening it, she saw a large iced Christmas cake! She called it "Our Dream Come True."

\$2 to "Pioneer" (name supplied), Bunbury, W.A.



## LETTER BOX

\* We pay \$2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

### Tale of a Tigger

IT APPEARED in The Australian Women's Weekly, December 14, 1966 — the pattern of a little leopard. With my usual "pattermania," I kept it. Eighteen months later I made two in leopard-spot towelling stuffed with nylon stockings. They were to give to our toddlers when I went to hospital for the birth of our third baby. I called them Tiggers (from A. A. Milne's "Winnie the Pooh"), and when my husband saw them he insisted he should have one — "to keep him company." As Baby Number Three grew, the others insisted he should have his own Tigger, so I made another. Because they were machine washable, the children could take them everywhere — dragged usually by the cheeky tail. I made more for nieces and nephews, for children of friends, until I've lost count. But now, after a gap of some years, I have brought the well-worn pattern out again, for we have Baby Number Four, and I've been told firmly: "He must have a Tigger for Christmas."

\$2 to "Embee" (name supplied), Cranbrook, N.S.W.

### "At any time"

HOW careful one has to be when referring to the older generation! My alert mother, of 90 years, objects to being classed as an old person, and prefers the term elderly. At which point elderly becomes aged is difficult to say. I suppose even the adjective "young" could be offensive if accompanied by criticism. I am termed middle-aged, which sounds dull, but I am finding new interests, and consider that life begins — at any time you like.

\$2 to "Katie" (name supplied), Kalgoorlie, W.A.

### Way to a kitten's heart

ONE DAY my daughter brought home a small white kitten, very undernourished and later found to be deaf. However, it has now grown into a lovely pet, and a favorite of all the family. Some of her tricks are to chase marbles round the floor, and when the refrigerator is opened she gets out her tin of food and takes it to where she is fed.

\$2 to Mrs. M. E. Clarke, Maryborough, Qld.

### Cutting back the ego

INSPIRED by the current fashions I made myself a three-in-one creation, consisting of pants, tunic top, and maxi-length coat. I wore the outfit to a women's club luncheon, and received numerous compliments. Afterward, I strolled home, feeling quite elated. As I walked down the street I passed a little girl who looked up at me, smiled in recognition, and said, "Hello, Superman!" So much for my fashion triumph.

\$2 to "Deflated" (name supplied), Payneham, S.A.

## Ross Campbell

### ON THE CARPET

CARPETS tend to stir up strong emotions.

Some people love their carpets passionately and have a fit if anything is spilt on them. Yet love for a carpet can turn to hate.

A carpet layer told me once how he went to a house with a red one a lady had ordered. When he unrolled it she burst into sobs and cried: "I don't like it now!"

The whole subject has been brought to my mind by the dispute in the Ruction family.

They needed a new lounge-room carpet. The old one had never recovered from a housewarming party they gave in 1964. But the matter always led to disagreement.

Mrs. Ruction took her husband to a shop and showed him a brown carpet she fancied called "Mallee Scrub".

When the man came to lay it she

"It wouldn't show stains and blotches, you know," she said.

"Only because it's blotchy already," he replied.

"It's very practical," she said.

"It reminds me of the lounge in the Railway Hotel," he snapped.

Next time Mrs. Ruction took her teenage daughter Germaine with her. She thought they might form a united front.

It was no use. Germaine wanted a pink carpet called Alaska Salmon that her mother said would show everything.

Mrs. Ruction preferred a mottled green one that Germaine said was "Yuk!"

After weeks of dissension the family finally agreed on a broadloom called "Shepparton Apricot". But the shop said it was out of stock.

Something snapped in Mrs. Ruction then. She decided she would just buy one off her own bat.

She went into the shop, pointed to a carpet called "Hlawarra Flame", and said "I'll have that!"

When the man came to lay it she

panicked. "It's brighter than I thought," she wailed.

But like most carpet-layers he was used to emotional crises. "Don't worry, madam, it's a very good color. We sell a great deal of it," he told her soothingly.

Germaine came home from school and to her mother's relief gave approval: "It's a gazer!"

Alas, Mr. Ruction did not think so. It hurt his eyes, he complained.

In the scene that followed he called Mrs. Ruction a "carpet snake". She shouted: "I wish you'd get a magic carpet and fly away!"

Germaine says she thinks her father will get used to the color, but it has been a sad business.

I believe there should be a Carpet Guidance Bureau, where trained social workers would try to prevent family trouble.

"Now Mr. Hopgood, if you would agree to the half-shag instead of the deep pile, I think Mrs. Hopgood would compromise on the flecked mushroom shade." The main thing is to keep carpeted homes together.

### Today's child

LEAVING church recently, I was walking down the aisle with a friend and her three-year-old son. Suddenly, noticing a painting of the Madonna and Child, the boy pointed to the naked Infant, and said: "Baby's a streaker."

\$2 to "With it" (name supplied), Doon, Vic.

### Surprise ending

A FEW years ago, when the children were small and rather tiresome, I came to the conclusion that I needed to Do Something. I decided to become a writer. Undaunted by the fact that I had never shown any talent in this direction (or that we really couldn't afford the fees) I took a correspondence course in short-story writing. Although I had done office work until I married, I had not learned to type. But I managed to scrounge a battered typewriter, and in no time was pounding away at ten words a minute. I never did finish the course, but I still remember one instruction in the first lesson, something I found of great value in the years to come: "The only way to learn to write is to write." Well, I wrote and I wrote. I didn't become an author, but my typing improved to such an extent that I can now hold my own with almost any girl in the office.

\$2 to M.V.H. (name supplied), Mitcham, Vic.

### All in the game

MY DAUGHTER'S small pupils at school were discussing her coming wedding. She was lost for an answer when a rough-and-tumble young footballer asked her: "Will you still teach us, Miss, when you have a husband to suspend you?" Most likely you've guessed it — her bridegroom is the football coach.

\$2 to "Play fair" (name supplied), Deagon, Qld.

### Getting together

RECENTLY I had to spend some time in hospital in Vila (New Hebrides). There were four patients in the ward: a New Hebridean, a New Zealander, a Tongan, and myself — an Australian. The New Hebridean Sister, who so capably cared for us, was trained in Fiji.

\$2 to Mrs. G. Warne, Pentecost, New Hebrides.

### They came in fours

ON THE FARM where I once worked, in southern Queensland, the farmer's wife would place four eggs on my plate at breakfast. When I had eaten them, she'd glance at me and say, not "Would you like another?" but "Would you like another four?" She used to sell eggs for threepence a dozen, at the township's general store.

\$2 to Herbert C. Heilig, Sandgate, Qld.

## Your hands may lie about your age. Fool them.

Nothing — just nothing makes a woman show her age and more than do her hands. Hands that are red and roughened with work, dry or weather, keep your hands young looking with Edinburgh Camphor Cream.

### An unusual cream.

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RECOMMENDED RETAIL PRICE. Nationally distributed by Schindler Laboratories (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

## Happy holiday?

### Or will tummy upsets spoil the fun?

Strange places and a changed routine may upset your youngster's regularity. Your children may become irritable and grouchy — just when they should be having fun. Don't let childhood constipation spoil your holidays. Give your youngster gentle Laxettes. One pleasant-tasting milk chocolate square at bedtime usually restores regularity overnight. Next day your child will be bright and happy again. Good for grown-ups too. When nature forgets remember Laxettes.

PM1001/73 127



Why not an instant Christmas this year  
Julie had thought but soon found herself  
wondering where all the glow had gone



# A Sudden Joy

By FLORENCE JANE SOMAN

JULIE BARROW, sprawled awkwardly in the living-room chair, an exhausted look on her usually pretty face. It was Christmas night, the baby was asleep, the family had gone home and she was very tired.

With her head back, she surveyed the room through half-closed eyes and saw that it was a shambles of opened boxes, swirls of tissue, broken tree ornaments and snarls of ribbon.

It looked, she thought, as if an armored division had gone through it, and the idea of cleaning it up was painful at the moment.

Her gaze went to her husband, Bill. He was admiring a box of ties he had brought for himself and which still contained his card reading: "Merry Christmas to Me."

Now he held up one with a pleased air. "I'll pick out ties for me any time," he said. He looked at her and his expression changed. "What's the matter?"

"I'm exhausted." Her eyes closed and her mind went back to the past few hectic weeks, to the crowded stores, last-minute purchases, endless lists and rasped nerves.

"I make such a production out of Christmas that when it comes, I'm too tired to enjoy it." Her eyes opened. "I'm a perfectionist, that's my trouble. I took nearly an hour to wrap that package for your Aunt Anne—you know, the gold one with the acorns and the bells? And this afternoon she unpeeled it like a stick of gum in ten seconds flat."

"Ah, well, she was just anxious for the payoff."

She sat upright. "Well, I'm making a vow right now. Next year is going to be different. I'm going to plan everything in advance, cut out the unnecessary details. All that fancy wrapping, for instance. The big tree when a little one would be fine. And all that work."

She shook her head glumly. "While all of you were in here today filled with Christmas cheer, I was in the kitchen putting coconut sideburns on that Santa Claus cake."

"Were those sideburns?" His face was deadpan. "I thought they were earmuffs."

"Oh you." She laughed reluctantly and leaned back. "Well, anyway, next year I'm going to be sensible and cut out the fuss."

They were silent. Her tired thoughts drifted in vacancy. Suddenly she felt a faint uneasiness. "I wonder," she said, "how Mr. Hugo's Christmas was?"

"Who?" Bill said.

"The little old man down the hall." She could see his face in her mind, thin and seamed with age, lighting up each time he saw her. The thought made her sad.

"He's a widower and so alone in that little apartment; I always mean to invite him here for dinner one night and then I forget."

"Send him some cake," Bill suggested. "Send him one of the coconut sideburns."

"Are you kidding? There isn't a crumb left." She sighed. "I'm glad, of course, but that cake took me hours to put together; you needed an architect's degree to get all the sections right."

Her voice rose. "Next year we take the family to a restaurant! Next year I'm going to enjoy Christmas for a change!"

The holiday was soon forgotten; the months swept by. It was a busy spring and they went up to the Cape for the summer.

It was early in September when she saw Mr. Hugo emerging from the lobby as she came down the street wheeling the baby's stroller.

He walked with slow, stiff steps, holding a transistor radio up to his ear like a seashell, but when he saw her, he clicked it off and smiled.

"Welcome home," he said in his thin, reedy voice. He bent to touch the baby's cheek. "How big she's grown over the summer!"

Julie felt a pang. He seems even older and thinner, she thought. But she made her voice gay.

"I'll bet you were just listening to a concert," she said. "I know how much you love music." Once she had passed his open door while he was at the incinerator and caught a glimpse of his bathroom beyond.

A white singlet was drying on a rod, and something about its limp, dripping folds had caught at her heart.

"Oh, yes, I was just catching the last movement of Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*. He shook his white head.

"I always wanted to be a musician; I was good at the harmonica when I was a boy." He sighed. "I keep thinking I'm going to buy one of those fancy kinds but I suppose it would be a waste of money."

He looked down at the baby. "Well, she wins the beauty prize for our building. But you come next."

Julie smiled. "And you win the prize for gallantry, Mr. Hugo." I must invite him for dinner, she thought; he's such a love. But she had the sad feeling that he would go out of her mind as he always did.

Not long after that, she made out her Christmas list. She felt foolish, as the September sun streamed in from the window, but she went on doggedly with it, remembering her vow of the year before.

And the very next day she was delighted with her foresightedness, for as she walked through the calm aisles of a large department store, she came upon a table filled with slender golden compacts.

They were quite handsome, she thought stopping to finger them, and greatly reduced in price; there were three designs. Suddenly her hand stilled; an idea clicked neatly into place in her mind.

Why not? Such a nice gift. No sizes or colors to worry about, and so easy on the budget!

"I'll take 16," she said to the startled salesgirl. "Mix up the designs, please; gift wrap them and charge and send." Now if she could just find five other gifts for the men on her list...

They were in leather goods. Smart wallets of excellent leather and on sale. She ordered them, too.

When she emerged from the store, she paused to watch the leisurely strolling throngs enjoying the warmth of an Indian summer day. It gave her a heady feeling.

I've done all my Christmas shopping in a half hour flat, she thought, and it's only September. How

astonished one of these women would be if I told her so!

As she began walking away, she was still smiling. You have never, she congratulated herself, been smarter.

The warm weather didn't last long; October blew in on a chill wind and then it was November.

Sometimes, passing old Mr. Hugo's door, Julie would hear a drift of music from inside and feel a pinch of guilt because the harsh weather was surely keeping him in. Next week, she would think vaguely, next week I'll invite him...

One morning another neighbor rang her bell. It was Mrs. Haynes, from three floors below, with whom Julie chatted frequently when they met.

She was a pretty woman in her mid-thirties, but now her face was distraught. Julie, inviting her in, said "What's wrong?"

"It's my mother," Mrs. Haynes said. "She's in hospital and I have to be there all day. I was wondering if, when Norman comes home from school, you could keep an eye on him until I come home. It would only be for a couple of hours and I can't tell you how much..."

"Of course," Julie said. "He can come with us to the park when I take out the baby." She had only met eight-year-old Norman twice; he seemed like a nice, quiet child.

Mrs. Haynes' whole body sagged with relief. "You're an angel," she said. "I'll tell him to come here right after school."

The bell rang a little after three and Julie let in a very thin little boy with knobby knees and limp hair that seemed to flop the wrong way. "Hello, Norman," she said, smiling. "How about some milk and cake before we go out? Would you like that?"

"Yes, ma'am," he said, entering. He sat down at the table and ate and drank quickly as Julie dressed the baby in the other room.

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# New Bin-Guard kills smells and flies in your rubbish bin for 4 months

No matter who you are, or where you live, every home has a rubbish bin. And where there's a rubbish bin, you'll find nasty smells and disease carrying flies. That's why every home should have new Bin-Guard.

Bin-Guard is an ingenious little device that contains two special strips. One strip contains a long-acting deodorant. It kills the smells. The other strip contains a powerful insecticide. It kills the flies.

You simply attach Bin-Guard inside the lid of the bin and it continuously kills troublesome smells and flies for four long months.

Every home has a rubbish bin, so it's only natural every home should have new Bin-Guard.

**Bin-Guard**  
Every home should have one.





From the doorway, she could see his Adam's apple bobbing convulsively with his intake of food. It made her smile.

"I'll bet you can't wait," she called in, "for the summer to come again so that you can go back to camp."

"No, ma'am," he said.

"Do you like baseball?"

"Yes, ma'am."

There's nothing like a good two-way conversation, Julie thought as she came out with the snow-suited baby whom she placed in her stroller.

"Watch her for a minute, will you Norman?" she said.

"I'll put on my things."

When she came out again, she stood still at the doorway. Norman was leaning over the baby. He had one finger on her fat cheek and was stroking it gently, looking down.

There was something very serious and soft in his face, and for a few seconds Julie stood where she was, touched by the picture.

Downstairs, Mac, the doorman, greeted them with his usual wisecrack and robust laugh, and as they began walking up the street

and gazed down at him. He was supporting it and looking warily both ways. Her head lifted again. He's protecting me, she marvelled. I have an eight-year-old bodyguard!

As the hour in the park passed, she extracted small bits of information about him: He liked to draw; he didn't like ice-skating; he loved dogs.

"Oh, I do, too!" Julie said. "My favorite is the cocker spaniel. What's yours?"

"An Irish setter," he said. "They have such sorry eyes." His voice broke. "Do you think dogs worry like people?"

"Not if they have a good home," she answered carefully. They were on their way back by this time and she had stopped to buy a newspaper.

Fumbling in her purse, she muttered in exasperation. "Oh, I can never find change in this thing!"

"I keep my money in my pockets," Norman said. Suddenly he grinned. "You

was almost upon them. The wintry streets were packed with harassed-looking shoppers; store windows blazed with festive lights and tempting merchandise.

Gazing at the hurrying hordes, the abstracted faces, the arms weighted with packages, Julie felt remote from the whole jangled scene. I don't know why people can't plan ahead, she thought virtuously.

During those nine days before the holiday she "kept an eye" on Norman every afternoon. When he spoke, which was rarely, his choice of words tickled her. He hated "bigotism," he told her and when they stood one day before a jeweller's window, he confided that his mother owned a string of "stimulated" pearls.

But she never laughed, nor tried to hug him, for he frowned fiercely on such displays of emotion.

One day Mrs. Haynes said to her with a sigh, "He gives his heart to so few people. I know he feels things very

energy, in contrast to her friends who kept telephoning to cry out, "Oh, I'm so rushed, and I've still got so much to take care of!"

Yet each time she hung up after one of these calls, she had a curious sense of envy.

An emptiness, an aimlessness seemed to have settled on her now. There didn't seem to be any feeling of Christmas in the rooms.

Depressed, she saw two packages on the table.

She sat down and unwrapped one. Six colorful flowered handkerchiefs from Aunt Ellen. She probably found them at a sale somewhere, she thought.

She opened the other package. A brown silk scarf from Lisa Blair. Very pretty, but if Lisa had thought, she would have remembered that Julie never wore brown.

Her head fell back on the chair, inexplicable tears caught in her eyelids. Something was wrong in the room, the house, the world.

The doorbell rang. With an effort, she got up and went into the foyer. Then she heard a piping voice say "It's Norman!"

She let him in quickly.

## For every girl who prefers relief from period pain. Migrex.

Migrex, the migraine reliever, also gives relief from period pain.

The Migrex two-tablet treatment comprises pink and yellow tablets. When those first warning twinges begin, take two Migrex pink tablets. If muscular cramps or pains remain after 3 or 4 hours, take two Migrex yellow tablets, for further relief. There's no need to put up with the discomforts of period pain.

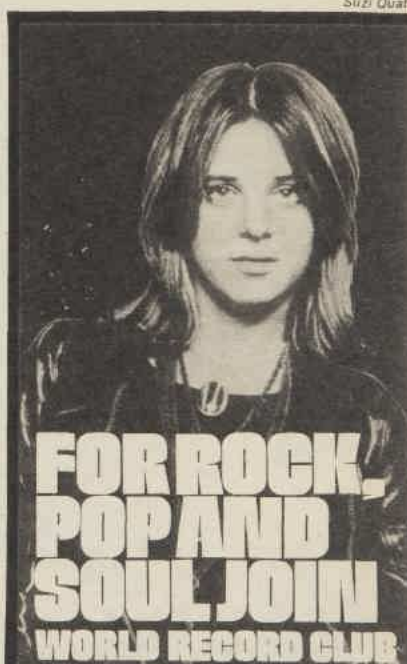
## Migrex

For Period Pain

Not available in Queensland and Tasmania.

PM2083/74

Suzi Quatro



World Record Club hasn't always been noted for its pops—but it has them now! Suzi Quatro, The Hollies, Pink Floyd, Gilbert O'Sullivan, Moody Blues, Diana Ross, T. Rex, Vicki Lawrence and more are in the current programme—and there are more great artists in the programmes to come. Send for full details via the coupon below—it costs nothing to join, obligations are minimal—and you save money on every album you buy.

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to the park. Julie said conversationally, "Mac's nice, don't you think?"

"He's too braggative," Norman said.

She looked down at him, startled. But he was gazing ahead, his small face almost engulfed by his wool helmet. She was curiously impressed. What a crazy, perfect word to describe that man, she thought.

At the corner, they waited for the green light. When it came, she wanted to take the child's arm as they began to cross.

Instead, she felt a firm pressure under her elbow

should have a coat with pockets down the front."

"Now that's an idea." She smiled. "Maybe you'll be a designer for ladies clothes when you grow up."

"I'm going to be a doctor."

That night, when Bill came home, she said, "I have a terrible confession to make. There's a new man in my life."

"Is that so?" he said. "What's for dinner?"

She sighed. "I give up. All right, he's eight years old."

He turned and flashed her a wink. "I always knew I was too mature for you. What's his name?"

She told him about Norman and the situation, adding "When Mrs. Haynes called to say I could send him down, I felt so sad. As if I were losing something. I offered to take him every afternoon until her mother's better. And was she grateful!"

"I'll bet." He frowned, looking around him. "Do you know that Christmas is almost here? I don't see any signs."

She gave him a smug smile.

It was true that Christmas

deeply but he keeps it all locked up inside him."

On the day before Christmas Eve, Mrs. Haynes collected him and told Julie happily that the crisis with her mother was over. "I'll be able to manage with Norman again," she said as the three of them stood in Julie's foyer. "But I can never thank you enough, Julie."

"I loved having him," Julie's voice was heavy as she looked down at Norman's lowered head. "Well, Norman, we won't be seeing so much of each other from now on."

"No, ma'am," he said, and as his mother's hand squeezed his arm, he seemed to get the message and mumbled, "Thanks a lot."

Julie felt bleak. She felt even worse the next morning, the morning of Christmas Eve. Everything was under perfect control, she told herself as she wandered through the apartment.

The part-time maid was inside with the baby, the house was neat, the gifts piled up and ready to give out, the small tree waiting to be trimmed in a half hour that evening.

She felt fresh and full of

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One limp strand of his hair had fallen over his eyes and her hand ached to reach out and stroke it back, to touch him, to tell him how beautiful and special he had made her feel. But she knew she must not.

"I like you a lot, too, Norman," she said. "And thank you for everything."

After he had gone, she stood with her back to the foyer door, still clutching the little purse. From where she stood, she could see the table

eyes became fixed on the neat pile of boxes there, uniform in size, wrapped identically, bought on an Indian summer day long ago.

Never again will I give gifts like that, she thought. Never as long as I live.

A drift of music came to her through the door. It was from old Mr. Hugo's apartment, she knew. Her head lifted abruptly; her heart began to beat faster.

She could buy some last-minute gifts; she could get a bigger tree; she could

wrap the packages differently and plan a special dinner for the next day instead of going to a restaurant —

"Addie!" she called out, thanking heaven that it was one of Addie's cleaning days. "Will you watch the baby for a while? I'm going out!"

Later she rang Mr. Hugo's bell. Entering the dark little apartment, she said hurriedly, "I can't stay, but I wanted to give you this." She held

out a package. "Merry Christmas, Mr. Hugo, with affection from all three of us."

She thrust the package into his hand and then watched him sit down on a chair to open it. Finally his hands moved and lifted a harmonica slowly from the box.

Julie said quickly, "You can play it in different keys. There are directions inside."

harmonica to his mouth and blew on it. A reedy chord floated into the air, trembling there.

Suddenly it was as if the tight, stale air in the room had broken up into dazzling particles, blinding and lovely.

It was Christmas night. The baby was asleep, the family had gone home and she and Bill were in the living room, which was cluttered with empty boxes,

ribbon.

Julie surveyed the mess with an odd sense of satisfaction.

"I'm absolutely exhausted," she said. "But I think it was one of the nicest Christmases we ever had, don't you? Hev, love me?"

His arms went around her. "I do," he said. "So much."

They stood like that for a few moments, holding each other tightly.

Finally she murmured, "You know that other man

#### FROM THE BIBLE

**Today's English Version**  
"If someone does evil to you, do not pay him back with evil. Try to do what all men consider to be good. Do everything possible, on your part, to live at peace with all men."

**Authorised Version**  
"Recompense to no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men. If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men."

Romans 12:17

in my life? The one that's three feet tall?"

"Mmmmm," he said in her ear. "My rival."

"He gave me something special yesterday."

"What did he give you?"

She opened her eyes and gazed at the wallpaper. But its pattern blurred. An image formed instead and seemed to glow there. It was the image of a very thin little boy with a small, wise and wonderfully gentle face.

"He gave me Christmas," she said.

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#### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By Rudd



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His daughter's prattle had made Alan realise how much was missing from his life

## Christmas Every Day

HILARY AND I went up in the lift from the Toy Department in the basement, to the restaurant on the top floor. She said she hated the lift but still insisted on riding in it. I thought I would never understand the complicated workings of a little girl's mind.

I watched her with hidden amusement, bracing herself for the sudden drop of the stomach, a bit startled round the eyes each time we stopped to admit or let out more Christmas shoppers.

At the top she gave me a triumphant glance and stepped out with an air of achievement. She reached for my hand and I took it gratefully.

I'd never realised before Katherine and I separated, how quickly a child could grow. I was afraid I wouldn't know how to cope with her when she got a little older, especially if she became shy and wouldn't talk to me. I was only used to the Hilary I'd known before.

"Can we have cream cakes for tea, Daddy?" she asked me.

"Perhaps," I teased.

"That's what you always say! That means yes!" she chuckled.

"If we can find a seat," I added.

The restaurant looked full at first glance, but it would soon be closing time and people were beginning to go home. I managed to find two seats at a table by the window which overlooked the roof garden.

It wasn't really a garden, only an expanse of asphalt

decked with tubs of flowering shrubs in the summer, and tables with striped umbrellas. There were no tables out there now.

A huge glittering Christmas tree stood by itself in the middle of the damp, windswept asphalt. In spite of its size, it looked lost.

"I hope it snows for Christmas," Hilary said. "I want to make a snowman. The decorations are pretty, aren't they Daddy? Look at those shiny bits dangling from the ceiling and going round and round! And the balloons! I like long red balloons best, and the ones with faces..."

She went prattling on. It used to irritate me to hear Katherine rambling on in the same fashion, but something hard and tight in my chest seemed to loosen when Hilary did it, so naturally. It was warm in the store and the tea was hot and strong.

I'd have felt happy if it wasn't for the fact that my day with Hilary was almost over. I'd taken her shopping to choose her Christmas present. After that she'd made me stand and look the other way while she bought mine.

"Have I got some cream on my face?" she asked anxiously. I realised I was staring at her without seeing.

"Just a little, on the tip of your nose," I lied, reaching across with a paper napkin. She tilted her chin toward

me and offered me her nose. I dabbed at it, noticing how her fair hair lay over her shoulders now.

Last time Katherine had fixed it high at the back of her head with a ribbon. I wanted to smooth it with my hand but I daren't, it brought a lump to my throat.

I hadn't realised how much I would miss her until she wasn't there in my life all the time. Hilary suddenly noticed the Christmas tree outside.

"Look!" she said, pointing with a piece of meringue. I should have reminded her about her table manners, but I didn't. I could tell from her expression that she didn't altogether approve of the tree, magnificent though it was, and I was right.

"Christmas trees should be green!" she announced.

The fringed branches shimmered in the cold wind, looking tatty somehow. There was a Nativity scene set out below it, but it wasn't very well done. Some of the figures had blown over and everybody was too busy buying and selling to do anything about it.

Hilary was sitting quietly and not eating. Two little upright lines stood between her eyebrows. I couldn't bear to see that uncomprehending expression — that was how she'd looked at us when we tried to explain why I was going away to live somewhere else. Totally blank. As if we were speaking Chinese.

"What's the matter?" I asked, a little sharply.

By DOROTHY L. GARRARD

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# CHRISTMAS EVERY DAY

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She jumped a little, and eyed me uncertainly. "Are you cross, Daddy?"

"Of course not," I smiled reassuringly.

"You sounded cross."

"Well, I'm not. What were you looking at out there?"

"There's something wrong with the things under the tree," Hilary said thoughtfully. "It's like the Nativity scene I've got at home, and the Crib at school — only different."

"How are you getting on at school?" I asked hopefully. "Any better?" School work had always been a struggle for Hilary. When I'd tried her out, she seemed to have no aptitude for figures, however simple, and her spelling was atrocious.

"It's the new system," Katherine had said comfortably, as usual never worrying about the things which mattered most.

"We should give her some tuition at home."

"They said not to. They said it would hinder rather than help, because they teach differently to the way you and I learned. It'll come to her in time, Alan."

I'd over-ruled her, but Hilary seemed nervous and unwilling, and Katherine got so het up about the whole business that I gave up trying.

Hilary hadn't answered me, she was busy chasing a piece of pastry round her plate with her cake fork.

"Hilary?"

"Yes Daddy?"

"Look at me."

Slowly she raised her head. Her eyes were mine, dark slaty blue, but their expression was just like that in Katherine's spaniel-brown ones when I'd caught her out in something.

I experienced a slight unpleasant jolt in the pit of my stomach. She looked half afraid of me.

"Is something wrong at school?"

She shook her head.

"Where did you come in Arithmetic?"

Her gaze fell. "Bottom of the class," she muttered.

"Oh Hilary!" She looked across at me anxiously.

"I'll be better next term. Mummy wasn't cross with me, she said she'd never been good at arithmetic either, but Frank said he'd help me. Then she laughed again and said he wasn't any good at sums either. But Frank said it was time we both learned, so we went to the Edu... what's that place called?"

"Educational Stores," I supplied.

"Yes. And he got a book and we tried to learn it together. It was fun! I'm getting better Daddy, really!"

Fun! It hadn't seemed like that to me! And it

seemed that Katherine was still seeing Frank. He'd been the obvious cause of the separation, you can't ignore it when you find your wife in another man's arms. Yet deep down I knew it wasn't as simple as that.

I couldn't believe she found Frank irresistible, he wasn't our type at all, only a friendly next door neighbor. He was a big clumsy man who lived with his mother, the kind, simple sort who patted everybody's dog, and got dragged into children's games.

He was the very last person I'd have imagined making love to another man's wife. Yet there they stood in front of the fire, he was holding her like I used to, stroking her hair while she pressed her face against his shoulder.

I blew my top, and said things I'd been bottling up for heaven knows how long, and she just stood looking at me with a face like stone.

She didn't shed one tear — and Katherine would cry for almost anything, she cried so easily. She didn't even try to defend herself, she never said a word. She didn't even look ashamed or guilty. It was all so incredible that afterwards I wondered if my eyes had deceived me.

I had actually been prepared to overlook the whole thing when I calmed down, but Katherine wouldn't meet me halfway, and I'd said too much to retract.

"Don't you like school Hilary?" I asked gruffly, pushing the past out of my mind.

"I love it!" Hilary sounded surprised.

"What's so lovely about being at the bottom of the class?"

"Not always!" she said indignantly. "You always ask me about the things I don't like!"

That was true, and it went right home for the first time. I'd no idea what Hilary was good at, only the things in which she fell short. And Katherine, I remembered for no reason, was an excellent dressmaker, even though she was hopeless at coping with a budget. She'd probably made the dress Hilary was wearing.

Hilary was watching me. There was a small brown beauty spot at the corner of her mouth, where Katherine had one too. I used to put my lips to it in a special caress. I looked away from Hilary and stared across the emptying restaurant.

It was over, and eventually there would be a divorce.

"Drink your tea," I said. "They'll be closing soon."

A few tables away, a woman sat with her hands clasped round her cup of tea, to warm them. Katherine would hold a cup like that, cold or not, always looking as if she needed comfort.

She used to nurse cushions while she talked, or when she dusted, she would stroke the animal ornaments

as if the cold pottery had a life of its own. She seemed to have got worse after we started to quarrel, always hugging something to her, it was pathetic and irritating.

At one time she used to hug, and laugh and kiss me. I couldn't remember just when, or why, she'd stopped.

"Would you like some more tea, Daddy?" Hilary's voice startled me.

"No thank you. Hurry and finish now, it's time we were going."

"We're having a party Christmas night, and Mummy said I could stay up late. I wish you could come. Can't you come?"

"I don't think I'll be able to," I said evasively. Her teacup was empty, and she was delaying the parting.

"Mummy said she was going to wear that green dress for the party, the one with gold flowers."

I felt my heart jump. That dress was years old, I'd bought it for her and it was

Life wasn't all Christmas mornings, with fun and laughter and irresponsibility. That was the real difference between Katherine and myself. She didn't see why it shouldn't be Christmas every day.

"Time to go," I said firmly. If Hilary cried now, I wouldn't know how to comfort her, and we were already later than I'd promised to be. We had to wait a long time for a bus.

Then there was a detour. There'd been an accident in High Street, and it was blocked with cars and ambulances. Usually I brought my own car, but it was hopeless trying to park in town at this time of year.

Hilary was very quiet now, and her hand crept into mine under the parcels we were nursing. I usually left her within sight of the gate, and watched her from a distance. But tonight it was dark and the street seemed very long. I kept her hand in



"No, Marty, I can't see a revolving restaurant up there."

my favorite. It seemed to be her favorite too, though it had been an impulsive gift and not planned with the care I usually put into a present, first finding out what she'd like.

I'd just seen it and liked it, and I never did know what came over me. The size was a lucky guess. I remembered helping her put it on that Christmas morning. It had taken us a long time.

"You won't open your present until Christmas morning, will you Daddy?"

"I promise," I said.

Her bottom lip began to tremble. This was our first Christmas apart, and Hilary had just realised what I had been thinking all day.

We wouldn't all be in one bed together in a tangled heap, eating sweets and nuts and spilling jigsaws on the eiderdown, and laughing at the silly surprises Hilary and Katherine had stuffed into one of my old socks for me. I mentally shook myself.

mine until we were almost there.

Then suddenly, we heard running footsteps, and Katherine calling. Instinctively Hilary pulled her hand away and ran to meet the flying figure under the light of the street lamp.

I saw them meet, Katherine snatching and embracing her until Hilary wriggled free and turned back to where I was standing. I felt sorry and afraid for Katherine, so at the mercy of her emotions and fears.

Did she suffer this way every time I took Hilary out — did she have it at the back of her mind all the time that one night I may not bring Hilary back?

Hilary ran to me for a goodnight kiss, and to my surprise, Katherine slowly followed her. I'd had no more than a glimpse of her for several months, and she looked thinner in the face, but her eyes were the same,

the way she looked at me. They were shiny now, as if she had been crying.

"I'm sorry we were late, it was accidental. Katherine... I felt some need to reassure her. 'Don't ever think... don't ever think I would try to keep Hilary from you.'"

She looked faintly puzzled. "I don't, Alan. You wouldn't do that."

"How do you know?" I asked, a little put out at her cool assumption, though it was said matter of factly, and not with rancour. "You know I love her as much as you do."

"I know you do," she said. "But you'd never be able to run your life the way you need to, with Hilary to look after."

She wasn't being critical either, just stating a fact.

"The way I need to —"

"Your passion for neatness and order and timetables. Your blacks and whites, your positives and negatives and no time for dithering." She smiled faintly. "All women dither sometimes, whatever their age."

When I didn't speak, she added — "That's what it was really about, wasn't it? My emotional temperature and rose colored spectacles."

"Why didn't you say all that before, Katherine? Why did you let me go on pretending it was Frank?"

"I couldn't. I couldn't think clearly while you were there. I always tried so hard to be what you wanted and I got confused. I'm not so irrational now, Alan, truly I'm not. Tonight I got a bit upset because of the accident."

"Accident?"

"The one in High Street, didn't you see it? There was a newsflash — a bus and a pile up of cars, and several people injured and killed. It was just about the time you'd be bringing Hilary back, I thought maybe you'd both be in it."

"I'm cold," Hilary said plaintively. She had given her parcel to Katherine and was standing between us, holding a hand of each.

"You're both shivering," I said. "You'd better get indoors."

I made to take my hand from Hilary, but she held on and began walking after Katherine who had turned toward home.

"I've thought what was different about that Crib, under the gold tree."

"Yes?"

"There were no wise men, only shepherds. Why, Daddy?"

"I expect they got blown away by the wind."

"It's not proper Christmas, without wise men."

"They'll be on the roof somewhere," I said stupidly, watching Katherine's slender figure turn into the familiar gate. "Someone will find them and put them back where they belong."

I stopped and bent toward her and she gave me a strangling hug. As I straightened, I saw the sign

in the next garden. Sold, it said. There were no lights.

"Frank's gone away," Hilary blurted out. I knew from the guilty way she glanced at Katherine that she had been instructed not to mention it. "He can't teach me sums any more."

Katherine had opened the door, and light from the hallway spilled on to the path.

"Would you — will you come in for a drink, Alan?"

Hilary's fingers dug into me.

I couldn't speak, but I allowed her to pull me up the path. Inside the hall, the door safely shut, she ran into the sitting room where the tree always stood. I'd always decorated that small tree before, and now I could see the candles were clipped on crookedly, and the decorations uneven.

But the bird of paradise was where I always put him, second branch from the top, and the star drooped perilously from the topmost twig.

"I couldn't manage the fairy lights," Katherine said. "They wouldn't work, and I didn't know what to do. I needed you —" She broke off abruptly.

My hand had gone out automatically to straighten the star, and I realised on that instant what a habit it was, always altering things for Katherine, always putting her right, always trying to change things...

My hand fell back to my side. "I'm sorry," I said gruffly.

Her eyes were bright with tears, and I couldn't take my eyes from that small beauty spot at the corner of her mouth. I wanted to ask a question and I felt I didn't have any right. But she knew, somehow, and answered it for me.

"Frank was just there," she said simply. "Kind and uncomplicated, and sorry for my unhappiness. He was fond of me — more than was wise, perhaps. But he knew I could never love anyone but you."

I held out my arms and she came into them like a homing pigeon. Sometimes, in such a situation, there were no wise men, until somebody or something put them back where they belonged.

"I need you," I whispered into her ear. "There's no Christmas at all, any day, without you."

She didn't ask me what I meant, and it didn't matter. Nothing mattered except that we had come together again. There'd be some disagreements and a lot of adjustments, but this time on both sides.

Hilary was arranging the little figures on their bed of cotton wool snow under the tree.

"Wise men" she was saying, stroking their cloaks with a forefinger. "Stay in here out of the cold. Then the wind won't blow you away."

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# Wasps' Nest

By AGATHA CHRISTIE

OUT of the house came John Harrison and stood a moment on the terrace looking out over the garden. He was a big man with a lean, cadaverous face. His aspect was usually somewhat grim but when, as now, the rugged features softened into a smile, there was something very attractive about him.

John Harrison loved his garden, and it had never looked better than it did on this August evening, summery and languorous. The ramblers roses were still beautiful; sweet peas scented the air.

A well-known creaking sound made Harrison turn his head sharply. Who was coming in through the garden gate?

In another minute, an expression of utter astonishment came over his face, for the dandified figure coming up the path was the last he expected to see in this part of the world.

"By all that's wonderful," cried Harrison. "Monsieur Poirot!"

It was, indeed, the famous Hercule Poirot whose renown as a detective had spread over the whole world.

"Yes," he said, "It is I. You said to me once: 'If you are ever in this part of the world, come and see me.' I take you at your word. I arrive."

"And I'm delighted," said Harrison heartily. "Sit down and have a drink."

With a hospitable hand, he indicated a table on the veranda bearing assorted bottles.

"I thank you," said Poirot, sinking down into a basket chair. "You have, I suppose, no sirup? No, no, I thought not. A little plain soda water then — no whisky."

And he added in a feeling voice as the other placed the glass beside him: "Alas, my moustaches are limp. It is this heat!"

"And what brings you into this quiet spot?" asked Harrison as he dropped into another chair. "Pleasure?"

"No, *mon ami*, business."

"Business? In this out-of-the-way place?"

Poirot nodded gravely. "But yes, my friend, all crimes are not committed in crowds, you know?"

The other laughed. "I suppose that was rather an idiotic remark of mine. But what particular crime are you investigating down here, or is that a thing I mustn't ask?"

"You may ask," said the detective. "Indeed, I would prefer that you asked."

Harrison looked at him curiously. He sensed something a little unusual in the other's manner. "You are investigating a crime, you say?" he advanced rather hesitatingly. "A serious crime?"

"A crime of the most serious there is."

"You mean..."

"Murder."

So gravely did Hercule Poirot say that word that Harrison was quite taken aback. The detective was looking straight at him and again there was something so unusual in his glance that Harrison hardly knew how to proceed.

At last, he said: "But I have heard of no murder."

"No," said Poirot, "you would not have heard of it."

"Who has been murdered?"

"As yet," said Hercule Poirot, "nobody."

"What?"

"That is why I said you would not have heard of it. I am investigating a crime that has not yet taken place."

"But look here, that is nonsense."

"Not at all. If one can investigate a murder before it has happened, surely that is very much better than afterwards. One might even — a little idea — prevent it."

Harrison stared at him. "You are not serious, Monsieur Poirot."

"But yes, I am serious."

"You really believe that a murder is going to be committed? Oh, it's absurd!"

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## As I Read THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week beginning Dec. 18

### ARIES: March 21-April 20

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, red, green. Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.

★ Much pleasurable social activity indicated, but romantic affairs should be handled delicately. Curb impatience in career matters as misthinking could upset a good opportunity.

### TAURUS: April 21-May 20

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, rose, navy. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

★ Favorable emphasis on love and finance, with career and status a good second. A modicum of muddle could crop up Monday and Tuesday, and affect judgement and decisions, so stick to routine.

### GEMINI: May 21-June 21

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, lemon yellow, white. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday.

★ This being the festive season, the keyword is caution. Watch the reflexes and take no risks. Otherwise, influences are favorable for amusements, romance, and finance.

### CANCER: June 22-July 22

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, Nile green, brown. Lucky days, Friday, Monday.

★ Plenty of action on the social front and finance and job matters very promising. The pleasant aspects will help to ease any pressure likely to occur in love and home affairs.

### LEO: July 23-August 22

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, orange, black. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.

★ A spot of bother likely on the domestic front. All other sections fine — so have fun.

### VIRGO: August 23-September 23

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, lemon yellow, white. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday.

★ Much social activity centred around the home, and aspects are favorable for love and romance. A lucky break likely from that elusive female, Dame Fortune.

### LIBRA: September 24-October 23

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, rose, navy. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

★ The social side of life is active and interesting; finance, fair. However, Venus is in a chilly mood, so navigate the love ship with care and patience. The domestic front — lively.

### SCORPIO: October 24-November 22

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, red, green. Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.

★ With Venus in good mood and with favorable emphasis on social affairs, you should be having a ball. Finance promising. The only problem seems to be some muddle likely on the job, so double-check.

### SAGITTARIUS: November 23-December 21

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, mauve, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday.

★ You have much going for you both socially and romancewise, and maybe a pleasant surprise from afar thrown in for good measure. Some muddle on the job, so try and stay on the beam.

### CAPRICORN: December 22-January 20

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, silver grey, garnet brown. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday.

★ A gay, satisfactory time ahead, so curb any pessimism and enjoy yourself. Tact and diplomacy necessary on the home front, but other sectors are favorably aspected, especially for love and loot.

### AQUARIUS: January 21-February 19

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, grey, red. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday.

★ A busy, bustling week for social and domestic matters, and the budget will probably be stretched to the limit. With Cupid in amiable mood, there should be some pleasant surprises. Finance — good.

### PISCES: February 20-March 20

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green, purple. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.

★ A lively social week indicated, with a tendency to kick over the traces — so cool it. All departments have beneficial aspects except home front, where there could be a misunderstanding.



Hercule Poirot finished the first part of the sentence without taking any notice of the exclamation.

"Unless we can manage to prevent it. Yes, *mon ami*, that is what I mean."

"We?"

"I said we. I shall need your co-operation."

"Is that why you came down here?"

Again Poirot looked at him, and again an indefinable something made Harrison uneasy.

"I came here, Monsieur Harrison because I — well — like you."

And then he added in an entirely different voice: "I see, Monsieur Harrison, that you have a wasps' nest there. You should destroy it."

The change of subject made Harrison frown in a puzzled way. He followed Poirot's glance.

"As a matter of fact, I'm going to," he said. "Or rather, young Langton is. You remember Claude Langton? He was at the same dinner where I met you. He's coming over this evening to take the nest. Rather fancies himself at the job."

"Ah!" said Poirot. "And how is he going to do it?"

"Petrol and the garden syringe. He's bringing his own syringe over; it's a more convenient size than mine."

"There is another way, is there not?" asked Poirot. "With cyanide of potassium?"

Harrison looked a little surprised. "Yes, but that's rather dangerous stuff. Always a risk having it about the place."

Poirot nodded gravely. "Yes, it is deadly poison." He waited a minute and then repeated in a grave voice. "Deadly poison."

"Useful if you want to do away with your mother-in-law, eh?" said Harrison with a laugh.

But Hercule Poirot remained grave. "And you are quite sure, Monsieur Harrison, that it is with petrol that Monsieur Langton is going to destroy your wasps' nest?"

"Quite sure. Why?"

"I wondered. I was at the chemist's in Barchester this afternoon. For one of my purchases I had to sign the poison book. I saw the last entry. It was for cyanide of potassium and it was signed for by Claude Langton."

Harrison stared. "That's odd," he said. "Langton told me the other day that he'd never dream of using the stuff; in fact, he said it oughtn't be sold for the purpose."

Poirot looked out over the roses. His voice was very quiet as he asked a question. "Do you like Langton?"

The other started. The question somehow seemed to find him quite unprepared. "I — I — well, I mean — of course, I like him. Why shouldn't I?"

"I only wondered," said Poirot placidly. "Whether you did."

And as the other did not

answer, he went on, "I also wondered if he liked you?"

"What are you getting at, Monsieur Poirot? There's something in your mind I can't fathom."

"I am going to be very frank. You are engaged to be married, Monsieur Harrison. I know Miss Molly Deane. She is a very charming, a very beautiful girl. Before she was engaged to you, she was engaged to Claude Langton. She threw him over for you."

you as unusual? You use the word 'amazingly', but you do not seem to be amazed."

"What do you mean, Monsieur Poirot?"

"I mean," said Poirot, and his voice had a new note in it, "that a man may conceal his hate till the proper time comes."

"Hate?" Harrison shook his head and laughed.

## WASPS' NEST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

are warning me against Claude Langton. You come here today to warn me..."

Poirot nodded. Harrison sprang up suddenly. "But you are mad, Monsieur Poirot. This is England. Things don't happen like that here. Disappointed suitors don't go about stabbing people in the back and poisoning them."

advanced to his friend and laid a hand on his shoulder. So agitated was he that he almost shook the big man.

"Rouse yourself, my friend, rouse yourself. And look — look where I am pointing. There on the bank, close by that tree root. See you, the wasps returning home, placid at the end of the day? In a little hour, there will be destruction, and they know it not. There is no one to tell them."

"They have not, it seems."

"These English!" cried Poirot in a passion. He caught up his hat and stick and moved down the path, pausing to speak over his shoulder.

"I do not stay to argue with you. I should only enrage myself. But you understand, I return at nine o'clock?"

Harrison opened his mouth to speak, but Poirot did not give him the chance. "I know what you would say: 'Langton would never,' etcetera. Ah, Langton would never! But all the same I return at nine o'clock. But, yes, it will amuse me — put it like that — it will amuse me to see the taking of a wasps' nest. Another of your English sports!"

He waited for no reply but passed rapidly down the path and out through the door that creaked. Once outside on the road, his pace slackened. His vivacity died down, his face became grave and troubled.

He drew his watch from his pocket and consulted it. The hands pointed to ten minutes past eight. "Over three quarters of an hour," he murmured. "I wonder if I should have waited."

His footsteps slackened; he almost seemed on the point of returning. Some vague foreboding seemed to assail him. He shook it off resolutely, however, and continued to walk in the direction of the village.

But his face was still troubled, and once or twice he shook his head like a man only partly satisfied.

It was still some minutes to nine when he once more approached the garden door. It was a clear, still evening; hardly a breeze stirred the leaves. There was, perhaps, something a little sinister in the stillness, like the lull before a storm.

Poirot's footsteps quickened ever so slightly. He was suddenly alarmed — and uncertain. He feared he knew not what.

And at that moment the garden door opened and Claude Langton stepped quickly out into the road. He started when he saw Poirot.

"Oh — er — good evening."

"Good evening, Monsieur Langton. You are early."

Langton stared at him. "I don't know what you mean."

"You have taken the wasps' nest?"

"As a matter of fact, I didn't."

"Oh!" said Poirot softly. "So you did not take the wasps' nest. What did you do then?"

"Oh, just sat and yarned a bit with old Harrison. I really must hurry along now, Monsieur Poirot. I'd no idea you were remaining in this part of the world."

"I had business here, you see."

"Oh! Well, you'll find Harrison on the terrace. Sorry I can't stop."

He hurried away. Poirot looked after him. A nervous

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**HIS. HERS.**

Removes hair on the surface. Leaves skin feeling rough and scratchy.

Removes hair below the skin line. Leaves skin feeling soft and smooth. No nicks, no cuts, no scratches. No unsightly stubble. Gentle enough for underarms.

Harrison nodded.

"I do not ask what her reasons were; she may have been justified. But I tell you this, it is not too much to suppose that Langton has not forgotten or forgiven."

"You're wrong, Monsieur Poirot. I swear you're wrong. Langton's been a sportsman; he's taken things like a man. He's been amazingly decent to me — gone out of his way to be friendly."

"And that does not strike

"The English are very stupid," said Poirot. "They think that they can deceive anyone but that no one can deceive them. The sportsman — the good fellow — never will they believe evil of him."

"And because they are brave, but stupid, sometimes they die when they need not die."

"You are warning me," said Harrison in a low voice. "I see it now — what has puzzled me all along. You

"And you're wrong about Langton. That chap wouldn't hurt a fly."

"The lives of flies are not my concern," said Poirot placidly. "And although you say Monsieur Langton would not take the life of one yet you forget that he is even now preparing to take the lives of several thousand wasps."

Harrison did not at once reply. The little detective in his turn sprang to his feet. He

a Hercule Poirot. I tell you, Monsieur Harrison, I am down here on business. Murder is my business. And it is my business before it has happened as well as afterwards. At what time does Monsieur Langton come to take this wasps' nest?"

"Langton would never..."

"At what time?"

"At nine o'clock. But I tell you, you're all wrong. Langton would never..."



young fellow, good-looking with a weak mouth!

"So I shall find Harrison on the terrace," murmured Poirot. "I wonder." He went in through the garden door and up the path. Harrison was sitting in a chair by the table. He sat motionless and did not even turn his head as Poirot came up to him.

"Ah! *mon ami*," said Poirot. "You are all right, eh?"

There was a long pause and then Harrison said in a queer, dazed voice, "What did you say?"

"I said — are you all right?"

"All right? Yes, I'm all right. Why not?"

"You feel no ill effects? That is good."

"Ill effects? From what?"

"Washing soda."

Harrison roused himself suddenly. "Washing soda? What do you mean?"

Poirot made an apologetic gesture. "I infinitely regret the necessity, but I put some in your pocket."

"You put some in my pocket? What on earth for?"

"It so happens that I can pick a man's pocket if I choose without his ever suspecting the fact. I lay one hand on his shoulder. I excite myself, and he feels nothing. But all the same I have managed to transfer what is in his pocket to my pocket and leave washing soda in its place."

He dropped his hand into his pocket and brought out a few white, lumpy crystals. "Exceedingly dangerous," he murmured, "to carry it like that — loose."

Calmly and without hurrying himself, he took from another pocket a wide-mouthed bottle. He slipped in the crystals, stepped to the table and filled up the bottle with plain water.

Then carefully corking it, he shook it until all the crystals were dissolved.

Satisfied with his solution, Poirot stepped across to the nest. He uncorked the bottle, turned his head aside, and poured the solution into the wasps' nest, then stood back a pace or two watching.

Some wasps that were returning alighted, quivered a little and then lay still. Other wasps crawled out of the hole only to die.

"A quick death," he said. "A very quick death."

Harrison found his voice. "How much do you know?"

"As I told you, I saw Claude Langton's name in the book. What I did not tell you was that almost immediately afterwards, I happened to meet him. He told me he had been buying cyanide of potassium at your request — to take a wasps' nest."

"That struck me as a little odd, my friend, because I remember that at that dinner of which you spoke, you held forth on the superior merits

of petrol and denounced the buying of cyanide as dangerous and unnecessary."

"I knew something else. I had seen Claude Langton and Molly Deane together when they thought no one saw them. I do not know what lovers' quarrel it was that originally parted them and drove her into your arms, but I realised that misunderstandings were over and that Miss Deane was drifting back to her love."

"I knew something more, my friend. I was in Harley Street the other day, and I saw you come out of a certain doctor's house. I know that doctor and for what disease one consults him, and I saw your face."

"It was the face of a man under sentence of death. I am right, am I not?"

"Quite right. He gave me two months."

"You did not see me, my friend, for you had other things to think about. I saw something else on your face — the thing that I told you this afternoon men try to conceal. I saw hate there, my friend."

"There is not much more to say. I came down here, saw Langton's name by accident in the poison book as I tell you, met him, and came here to you."

"I laid traps for you. You denied having asked Langton to get cyanide, or rather you expressed surprise at his having done so."

"I knew from Langton himself that he was coming here at half past eight. You told me nine o'clock, thinking I should come and find everything over. And so I knew everything."

"Why did you come?" cried Harrison.

"I told you," he said. "Murder is my business."

"Murder? Suicide, you mean."

"No. I mean murder. Your death was to be quick and easy, but the death you planned for Langton was the worst death any man can die. He bought the poison; he comes to see you, and he is alone with you. You die suddenly, and the cyanide is found in your glass, and Claude Langton hangs. That was your plan."

Again Harrison moaned.

"Listen, *mon ami*, you are a dying man; you have lost the girl you loved, but there is one thing that you are not: you are not a murderer. Tell me now: are you glad or sorry that I came?"

There was a moment's pause and Harrison drew himself up. There was a new dignity in his face — the look of a man who has conquered his own baser self. He stretched out his hand across the table.

"Thank goodness you came," he cried. "Oh, thank goodness you came."

(c) 1974

Agatha Christie Limited

## PRIZE RECIPES

### MINCED BEEF GOULASH

2 tablespoons oil

2 onions

500g (1lb.) minced steak

1 tablespoon flour

1 teaspoon paprika

1 beef stock cube

2 cups boiling water

1 tablespoon tomato paste

salt, pepper

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup sour cream

Heat oil in pan, add sliced onions, saute until transparent.

Add steak, saute until meat is well browned. Add flour and paprika; cook, stirring, 1 minute. Add water and crumbled stock cube, tomato paste, salt and pepper. Bring to boil, reduce heat, simmer, covered, 45 minutes. Remove from heat, stir in sour cream. Serve with rice. Serves 4.

First prize of \$10 to Mrs. J. Lee, Strathfield, N.S.W.

A well-flavored main dish made from economical minced steak wins this week's prize of \$10. Consolation prize of \$2 is awarded for a recipe for crisp ginger nut biscuits.

### GINGERNUTS

125g (4oz.) butter or substitute

1 cup sugar

2 tablespoons golden syrup

1 egg

2 cups self-raising flour

3 teaspoons ground ginger

pinch salt

Melt butter in saucepan, remove from heat, add sugar, golden syrup and beaten egg; mix until well combined.

Sift flour, ginger and salt into bowl, pour in butter mixture; mix until combined. Allow to cool a little. Roll teaspoonfuls of mixture into balls. Place well apart on lightly greased oven trays. Bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes until rich golden brown.

Makes approx. 48 biscuits.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. G. A. Officer, Camberwell, Vic.

# Sunburn!



## Now you can spray away the pain with Solarcaine

Sunburn can happen to her before you even know. It means her skin is damaged—hurts to move—and touching her hurts more. So Solarcaine is a spray. It quickly soothes the pain, cools and moisturizes her tight, hot skin and protects it from germs to help it heal.



Which is more than any home-made remedy ever did. More than you could ever do for her before. Now there's something for sunburn that lets her sleep at night—don't you think you should keep a can handy? Your whole family could thank you this weekend.

### Solarcaine

from chemists everywhere

The first complete spray on medication for sunburn.

PM1980/74

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Add a dash of glamor in intriguing crochet with a

# BOBBLE SLEEVELESS JACKET

over your Christmas or New Year party dress or pants



Make the main part of jacket in an hour or two, then add the merry little pompons — as many as you like. One ball of yarn will make 17 pompons, using 6.40cm (7 yards) of yarn for each pompon.

**Materials:** 7 (9) balls Struts Millford knitting cotton; 2.50 (No. 4) Aero crochet hook.

**Measurements:** To fit bust 86.3 to 89 (91.4 to 94) cm — 34 to 35 (36 to 37) in.

**Tension:** Five 5 ch. lps. in patt. to 10cm (4in.).

**Note:** Work begins at base of back and continues over shoulders to fronts; there are no shoulder seams. Make 98 (103) ch.

**1st Row:** 1 d.c. in 8th ch. from hook, \* 7 ch., miss 4 ch., 1 d.c. in next ch., rep. from \* to end of row, 7 ch., turn.  
**2nd Row:** \* 1 d.c. in centre ch. of next lp., 7 ch., rep. from \* to last lp., 1 d.c. in centre ch. of last lp., 7 ch., turn.

Rep. 2nd row until 14 rows have been completed, 7 ch., turn.

**15th Row** (beginning of armhole inc.): 1 d.c. in first d.c., 7 ch., \* 1 d.c. in middle ch. of next 7 ch. lp., 7 ch.,

rep. from \* until d.c. in last lp. has been worked, 7 ch., turn.

Rep. 15th row 5 times. Work 16 rows straight, working 7 ch. at end of each row.

**Shape Neckline — Next Row:** 1 d.c. in centre ch. of lp., work 9 lps., turn (10 lps.).

**Next Row:** St-st. over 4 ch. of first lp., 7 ch., patt. to end, 7 ch., turn. Work 9 rows in patt. on 9 lps., 7 ch., turn.

**Shape Front (increase) — Next Row:** 1 d.c. in first d.c., 7 ch., patt. to end, 7 ch., turn. Work 5 rows in patt.

**Next Row:** 1 d.c. in first d.c., 7 ch., patt. to end, 7 ch., turn. Work 5 rows in patt.

**Next Row:** 1 d.c. in 1st d.c., 7 ch., patt. until d.c. in 2nd last lp. has been worked, 1 d.tr. in centre st. of next lp., 7 ch., turn.

**Next Row:** Work in patt. to end, 7 ch., turn.

**Next Row:** 1 d.c. in first d.c., patt. until d.c. in Second last lp. has been worked, 1 d.tr. in last lp., 7 ch., turn.

**Next Row:** 1 d.c. in centre ch. of first 7 ch. lp., patt. to end, 7 ch., turn.

**Next Row:** Patt. until 10 lps. have been worked, 1 d.tr. in 2nd ch. of last lp., 7 ch., turn.

**Next Row:** Work 9 lps., 7 ch., turn. Rep. last row twice.

**Next Row (inc.):** 1 d.c. in first d.c., 7 ch., patt. to end.

Work 13 rows in patt. Cut cotton. Miss 5 (6) lps. across neckline. Join cotton in centre ch. of next lp., and work other side to correspond, reversing all shapings.

**MAKE UP**  
Join side seams along 14 rows from lower edge. Make approx. 80 pompons. Stitch on both sides of front section.





# ANTIQUES BLEND HAPPILY WITH CONTEMPORARY FURNITURE



**HOUSE  
OF THE  
WEEK**

In Mr. David Cinis' apartment in the Sydney suburb of Mosman, furniture ranges from 17th century oak to contemporary aluminium. But nothing clashes, mainly because of the harmonious color schemes in each room.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

Plants on wire stands (originally Victorian bird-cage stands) flank a 17th century Jacobean chest at one end of sitting-room. In front of contemporary painting by Sue Archer is a 15th century Persian miniature painting.

Eighteenth century English country chairs in dining-room (below) have been reupholstered in a modern tweed. Floor-to-ceiling built-in shelves house books, records, magazines and ornaments. Carpet is Persian.



Furniture is simple, colors warm in guest bedroom (above): cane-seated chair with ebony wood frame is modern Italian, the English oak chest is circa 1730. A butler's table makes an attractive bedside table.







Compact kitchen has timber cupboards, white wall tiles and counter tops, and a striking black and white bonded blind. Adding to the cool effect is the view of Sydney Harbor from the wide window.

## HOUSE of the WEEK Continued from previous page

THE furniture in Mr. David Cinis' apartment at Mosman, N.S.W., is an interesting mixture of contemporary and antique pieces. Mr. Cinis, an interior designer, chose each piece because he liked its design, or color or material, and not to match anything else.

"As long as things are good in themselves, they mix well, whether they are old or new," he said.

Pictures, ornaments (not too many), shelves filled with books and magazines, and simple but harmonious color treatments for the walls, combine to make the apartment look bright and livable and not the least bit "decorated."

Sitting and dining rooms are combined in a spacious L-shaped area with extensive views of Sydney Harbor. Richly-colored Persian rugs help to define each section.

Here furniture varies in age from 17th century to 1974. There is an eight-drawer Jacobean chest near a contemporary abstract painting, antique butler's tables on either side of a modern settee upholstered in beige wool and silk fabric. Dining chairs and table are authentic 18th century, a pair of wing chairs covered in brown corduroy velvet are modern reproductions.

Floor-length curtains of khaki-yellow glazed chintz have a bold but classic pattern featuring white herons.

An old-fashioned fan from a butcher's shop provides an unusual alternative to an air-condition-

ing unit. It is attached to the ceiling, and the big blades, worked by electricity, keep the air moving and the room cool in the hottest weather.

The warm tones of the furnishings, plus the blues and greens in the view from the windows, provide a good deal of varied color, so walls are painted a neutral off-white.

In contrast the walls of the guest bedroom are glazed a brilliant yellow. A blind bonded with a striking Swedish print blends pattern and solid color to match the deep blue of the Mexican linen throwover bedspread. There is little furniture in this room — a built-in wardrobe, a cane-seated ebony chair, a table by the bed, a chest-of-drawers — and it is all brown or black. Hence the strong background colors.

In the main bedroom the colors and pattern of the bedspread — navy, white and red with huge chrysanthemums — are dominant. The red is repeated in lacquered bedside tables.

To concentrate the effect of these bright colors the rest of the room is brown, bone and white. Carpeting is bone, the ceiling white, the walls white below window-sill level and bronze brown to the ceiling.

Accessories, too, are in neutral tones — such things as two small pig-skinned covered chairs, framed charcoal drawings, Thai butterflies in a glass stand designed by Mr. Cinis.

The kitchen is compact and hard-working, its main decoration the blind bonded with a striking black and white fabric.

## SUNBURN RELIEF

### First-aid spray to soothe sunburn instantly.

It's easy to get sunburnt. Mainly because the sun's so sneaky. You might leave the beach feeling fine. But a short while later you're looking like an over-ripe tomato. And the stinging or throbbing is driving you mad.

Now, there's a much better, more effective way to extinguish the pain. New SUNBURN RELIEF by Sea & Ski\* in the aerosol spray can.

Just spray it on and it soothes instantly.



With SUNBURN RELIEF, there's no painful rubbing, and if need be you can easily apply it on yourself.

Next weekend you or someone in your family could get sunburnt. Be ready. See your Chemist for SUNBURN RELIEF the kindest way to treat sunburn.

\*Sea & Ski is a registered trademark. Merley & James Laboratories Sydney, N.S.W.



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STORY: ENNIS HONEY  
PICTURES: STEPHEN WHITE



Part of Mr. Cinis' collection of old glass is displayed on the table beneath a watercolor by Charles Plowman. At left is a pair of Victorian sweetmeat jars.

The Australian Women's Weekly—December 25, 1974



# Fashions in the Shops



Above: White cotton pique sundresses with contrasting trim. Left, sizes 10-16. Right, 8-14. \$14 each. Centre: Long cotton pique dress features shoe-string straps and deep frilled hemline. White only. 8-14. \$26. Right: Long sundress, left, in white cotton pique with frill trim on the pockets. \$20. Cotton skirt with matching tie-fronted top, right. White only. \$26. 10-16. (Farmer's, Young Sydney Shop.)





# LONG, SHORT — and in-between



Right: Jersey gowns by Texwear. Left, sleeveless gown features keyhole bodice and float back. 12-18. \$22. Right, long halter-neck lounging gown. 10-14. \$17. Both available in cheetah print. (Grace Bros., Leisure-wear.)

Left: Pretty sundresses in washable jersey. Available in assorted colors and prints. 10-18. \$7.99 each. (Waltons' stores.)

## Fashions in the Shops



Above: Long cotton knit dress has short sleeves and scarf hat print front. Navy, blue, green or white. 8-14. \$21. Leather and gold choker. \$16. Right, long cotton knit dress with cut-away back features a camel print at front. Cream only. 8-12. \$18.50. Novelty necklet. \$4.50. (Sportsgirl.)

Right: Printed crepe de chine sleeveless shirtdress, left, features self-tie belt and front button tab. Red/white, navy/white or green/white. Right, washable crepe de chine, short-sleeved dress has soft tie neck. Black or navy print. 10-20. \$16 each. (All Waltons.)



Above: Gabardine shorts with zip front by Aywon, left. Assorted colors. 10-16. \$8. Nylon short sleeve shirt by Harbig. White, cream, red, pale blue or green. 10-16. \$4. Right, sharkskin shorts by Aywon feature zip front and two back pockets. Assorted colors. 10-16. \$8. Printed knit shirt by Crystal. 10-16. \$5. (Grace Bros.)

The Australian Women's Weekly—December 25, 1974



## PATTERN of the week

Chosen by SARA van GELDER

Great two-piece designed by Kenzo for Butterick patterns features cuffed short-sleeved shirt with flapped pockets, and straight-legged pants (or shorts) with shaped back yoke, patch pockets, and drawstring waistline forming self ruffle. Use jersey, seersucker, gingham, also poplin or linen for pants and shorts.



Butterick pattern 3658. Short-sleeved shirt, pants, and shorts. Misses' sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, 16. Price \$1.47 includes postage.



Pattern Service, P.O. box 371, Auburn, N.S.W. 2144. (N.Z. readers: P.O. Box 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E. 6.) No C.O.D.

## HOME HINTS

When putting Christmas decorations away, pack small breakable items in an egg carton to keep intact for next year. — Miss Michelle Ord, Indooroopilly, Qld.

Paper table napkins with a Christmas design are a useful and inexpensive way of wrapping

small gifts. — Mrs. J. Weir, Blaxland, N.S.W.

Don't throw away used flash bulbs from cameras. They can be made into cheap and pretty decorations for the Christmas tree. Paint them bright colors and hang them on spare branches of

This week we concentrate on Christmas tips to make the festive season more enjoyable for you. Each hint is awarded a \$2 prize.

the tree. — Mrs. R. C. Milne, Bowen, Qld.

Make decorative lanterns from Christmas cards. Remove any centrepiece from the card, lie it flat, then cut from top to bottom vertically, leaving about half an inch between cuts and a half-inch

border all round. Tape the side edges together and press into a lantern shape. Attach colored cord to hang the lantern on the Christmas tree. — Mrs. Olwyn Woolcock, Tottenham, Vic.

Before putting away this year's Christmas cards, make a note of the name, address and post code of the sender. Next year you will have a complete list of people who sent you greeting cards. Mrs. W. J. Stokes, Salisbury, S.A.



Bobo Faulkner seen leaving the races  
with the Printz.

Printz. The sparkling rosé wine in the handsome white bottle.



# AT LAST. MORE COOL, LESS NOISE.

**1. Touch and Set Directional Control:** Means just that. To change the direction of airflow, whether fixed or oscillating, lightly push the guard until the fan clicks into the desired position.

**2. Even the colours are cool:** Transparent Ice Blue blades and Polar White body. Together they're terrific.

**3. Easy-Clean Removable Safety Guard:** Simply unclip safety locks and the front guard comes off. Loosen the nose cone and the blades come off. Remove nylon nut and the back guard and carry handle come off. Cleaning and reassembly are just as simple. And the big bonus is easier storage in winter.

**4. Oscillation Control:** Disengages the oscillating mechanism and gives you the straight ahead kind of cool.

**5. Vertical Tilt Control:** That's engineer's talk for up and down.

**6. Keyboard Control:** Low, medium, high and off in neat, positive piano style keys.

Hoover introduce the greatest thing to happen to fans since Gypsy Rose Lee and Electricity...  
...Silence.

With the fantastic new Hoover you can get enough cool to put comfort back into the hottest kitchen by day, and enough quiet to do the same job in the bedroom at night.

It means that now you can take the sizzle out of summer without making a noise about it.

For up to 24 hours a day through summer, constant non-stop comfort.

Probably one of the world's most effective, silent, controllable and economic way to get your cool and keep it.



## THE FANTASTIC HOOVER

The word 'Hoover' and the circular emblem are trade marks of Hoover Limited.



# DATING CASUALLY

Left: Polyester jersey sundress with embroidered flower trim on bodice and trilled neckline. Green, navy, red or yellow with white. 10-16. \$16. (From Katies stores.)



Above: Cotton two-piece sundress in white with embroidered multi-colored flowers has lined flared skirt. 10-16. \$20. (From Katies.)

Left: Short-sleeved dress in sheer cotton features self-tie belt and flounced hemline. Aqua, pink. 12-14. About \$52. (Peggy Simpson, Royal Arcade, City; Carlingford Court.) Man's imported chambray shirt. Faded blue. SM-XOS. \$16.95. Terylene/viscose pants. Natural or light blue. 3-7. \$19.95. Fine straw hat. \$9.95. (Keith's, George Street, City; Bondi Junction; Potts Point.)

Right: Long sleeveless jersey dress has full skirt. Aqua/white only. 12-16. About \$65. (Peggy Simpson, Royal Arcade, City; Gordon; Carlingford Court.) Printed voile shirt. Assorted colors. SM-XOS. \$15.95. Polyester/linen check pants. 3-7. \$22.50. Wool/polyester jacket. \$69.95. (Keith's, Potts Point; Bondi Junction; George Street, City.)



Above: Gypsy-style printed cotton sundress has layers of different floral prints. Cream, green or red background. 10-14. \$18. (From Katies.)



## • FASHIONS in the SHOPS







**"You always spot the best gifts when you're short of ready cash."**





# AT HOME . . .

with Margaret Sydney

## No problems if you keep a common-place book

I'VE always been puzzled about the common-place book. In earlier centuries both men and women kept common-place books into which, according to my dictionary, they copied interesting facts and quotable quotes for future use.

Very sensible. But I could never work out why it was called a common-place book, until an answer of a sort came to me in a blinding flash the other day. I'm sure it's not the right answer, but it should be. They were called common-place books because they gathered together in a common place all the bits and pieces disorganised people spend a large part of their lives looking for.

I speak with feeling. I've just spent every odd moment for the last 48 hours looking for a whitewash recipe a reader had asked for. I knew I had got it originally from a borrowed book. But I couldn't remember the name of the book, or whom I had borrowed it from.

I knew exactly where my copy of it was too, up to a point. I knew it was copied out in my handwriting, on the lower half of a right-hand page. But a right hand page of what?

Acting on past experience, I looked in the most unlikely places first. I looked in all the recipe books. That would have been a stupid place to put a whitewash recipe, and I hadn't done it.

Then I looked in all the how-to-build, how-to-reno, how-to-decorate books. That would have been a sensible place to put it. And I hadn't done it.

Next I began to look at the right-hand pages of all the notebooks and exercise books hidden away in odd corners of the house. I didn't find it, but I found so many other interesting oddities that someday I'll take some time off and read all the left-hand pages to see what they have to offer.

## Catherine York, the 'ungovernably wilful' cook

A RIGHT-HAND page yielded me the reference the fourth son of the Earl of Berkeley wrote for his cook in the early 1700s.

"Catherine York is the best cook I have had in 20 years or more. I believe her honest, not extravagant in the kitchen; she is very clean.

"Her temper is like charcoal, which kindles soon and sparks to the top of the house. She is passionate and ungovernably wilful in her way.

"We had many quarrels and bore many faults for the sake of the table. The final quarrel was when my wife, according to custom, sent her maid to see the other maids' candles out.

"Catherine York bolted her door and denied her entrance. I do not charge her with drinking but with being as impetuous as if she did drink. I was afraid we might be burned in our beds."

Showing a reference to a prospective employer must have been a nerve-racking business for a 17th-century servant who couldn't read!

I also found my treasured, and long-lost, 100-egg recipe. If you want to try it, you'll need:

100 eggs, a piece of muslin, 6lbs. of blanched almonds, sifted flour, 24lbs of manna — and an air ticket to Iraq.

The idea of the air-ticket is that you can collect your manna there (it's a sort of resinous thing exuded from tamarisk trees), which would save time. The other way is to set about waiting for it to fall from heaven.

Before you leap into bed to recover from your jet fatigue, put the manna to soak in cold water overnight. When it's dissolved, strain it into a boiler over a low heat, and add 30 eggs to clear it. Strain it again, return the manna to the boiler, and drop in the whites of the remaining 70 eggs. Simmer the mixture for seven hours stirring all the while, until it turns to a thick yellow paste.

Add 6lb. of blanched almonds, roll the mass into a long sausage, slice it into rounds, roll these in sifted flour, and store in air-tight tins.

Now what are you going to do with those 70 egg yolks? No, don't be mad, you can't serve scrambled eggs three times a day for five days!

## Whitewash as used on the White House

IF you have a yearning to whitewash something, I can now tell you how to do it. This is the whitewash both on the inside and the outside of the White House, in Washington. (No funny cracks about Watergate, they didn't use it there.)

I got this recipe years ago from a book (title and author's name forgotten) about the history of the White House. Apparently they've been using this mixture for a century or more.

"Take half a bushel of unslaked lime, slake it with warm water, cover it during the process to keep in the steam. Strain the liquid through a fine sieve or strainer, add a peck (14lb) of salt previously well dissolved in warm water, 3lb. of ground rice boiled to a thin paste, and stir in boiling hot ½lb. of powdered spanish whiting and 1lb. of glue which has previously been dissolved over a slow fire. Add five gallons of hot water to the mixture, stir well, and let it stand for a few days covered, so no dust gets in.

The whitewash is then ready to use. It is best applied hot to the walls, with small brushes. One pint covers a square yard. It can be used for inside or outside work, and retains its brilliancy for years."

(Note: Coverage will depend on how porous your brick, stone, or other masonry is. The whiting doesn't have to be spanish; any kind from your hardware store will do.)

I didn't find that recipe on the bottom of a right-hand page (though no doubt I will, sometime in the next few months). I gave up that hunt, and began looking through the cardboard tomato box (gift of my friendly local greengrocer) where I keep past copies of this column.

My filing system is simple. It consists of ripping the page out (preferably before the family has seen what I've been saying about them), and bunging it into the box.

You would think it would be simple to find anything again, even years later. You'd be wrong. Our cats are sporadically employed in a cottage industry — the manufacture of confetti — and nothing excites their fervor as much as a temporarily unlicked box of newspaper cuttings.

But I did find an almost complete copy of the 'housework-must-appear-to-be-done piece people still ask about.

So — next week — wholly revised, brought up to date (and very much shortened, you'll be glad to hear), Christmas 1974 advice to rotten housewives.

## IN THE GARDEN

... by ALLAN SEALE

# Keeping the summer vegetables coming

You can plant new batches, now, rotating the crops.

RECENT converts to home vegetable growing may wonder what should be planted now that beans, lettuce, carrots, and early cucumbers are ending.

These summer vegetables can still be planted, but most people hesitate to follow with the same crop in the same position. Crop rotation is, however, less important when plenty of compost and modern balanced garden foods, complete with trace elements, are available, but it is still good practice to follow with a different crop.

Sow cucumbers where lettuce have just finished, first adding a light scattering of complete garden food. Or you could put them around the pyramid that has been supporting climbing beans.

Cucumbers could also follow early tomatoes, with the same trellising. If not quite ready to get rid of the tomatoes, start the cucumbers in 4in. pots, several seeds at either side, then later removing all but the two strongest in each pot. Extra complete fertiliser should not be necessary if following beans or tomatoes.

## Carrots after lettuce

Cucumbers can be sown until the end of this month, later in warm districts.

Carrots are good followers for lettuce. Further feeding may be unnecessary, but a light sprinkling of complete fertiliser helps if mixed evenly through the soil. Rake it thoroughly into the surface, then fork over twice in opposite directions.

Baby carrots are most

suitable for growing in containers whose depth is limited. Sow them about 1½in. from the rim.

Beans also follow leafy vegetables like lettuce, root crops such as carrots, beetroot, or turnips, as well as cucumbers, squash, tomatoes, and silver beet. Beans are gross feeders, so enrich the soil with a dressing of complete garden food before sowing. If unlimited from previous crop (had this been tomatoes, for instance) add about ¼ cup of garden lime per square metre.

Leafy crops such as lettuce are excellent after beans, or after carrots, beetroot, or other root vegetables. In hot months, lettuce heart better when sown direct. Sow three or four seeds where each plant is wanted, and thin out all but the largest seedling in each planting as soon as possible.

Lettuce sometimes fails to germinate when the soil is hot. This is nature's safety mechanism to prevent chance storms inducing summer germination in the desert-like parts of America where it grows naturally.

To keep the soil cooler, you could loosely cover the rows with straw or fibrous compost after sowing, or just shade with leafy twigs.

No extra soil preparation will be needed for the lettuce, but once seedlings have made more than two leaves, feed each week with complete soluble foods such as Aquasol, Thrive, or Zest.

Silver beet can follow any crop, except perhaps beetroot, to which it is closely related. (One example where

leaf crop cannot follow root crop.) Silver beet grows in the limy soils used for onions, beans, etc., or in more acid soils where tomatoes, parsley, radish, and potatoes have grown. Like lettuce, it responds to regular liquid feeding. Planted or sown now, it will crop through winter.

Cauliflowers, broccoli and brussels sprouts should be sown by early February if they are to mature in winter, when flavor and quality is best. Seedlings need not be planted out until March, so they could follow late crops of beans, cucumbers or carrots.

## Long-maturing types

The ritual when growing cauliflowers from seed has been to sow long-maturing types such as Phenomenal Main Crop, Five-Month Phenomenal or Deepheart, and Four-Month Phenomenal Early at the one time in January, to provide cropping over several months.

However, with limited space, just buy a packet of Phenomenal Early, and make several small sowings between now and mid-March.

Bush squash or marrow can still be sown in all but cold districts, and follow any vegetables except cucumbers, pumpkins, or melons.

Cress or mustard seed scattered in a damp, shaded place will provide green for salads or sandwiches within three to four weeks. Sow thickly, scattering about a teaspoon of seed per square foot, cover nearly ½in. deep, and keep well watered. Harvest with scissors when seedlings are 2 to 4 in. high.

## HOLIDAY CARE FOR POTPLANTS

While you're away, you could stand them on bricks, in the bath.

OCCASIONALLY you may see a few potted plants packed into a well-loaded car, together with bird cage, family cat and dogs, but most people prefer to board their pets out — and hope that a good soaking will see their favorite plants through.

Plants in containers are the biggest problem. Plants in the soil should be trained to survive as best they can for a week or two, but if you are a compulsive waterer, unable to resist walking round with the hose and dousing everything each day, then no doubt you will find a similarly afflicted neighbor to carry on this ritual for you.

Container plants out of doors are the most likely to need daily watering. Drying out can be slowed by moving them to a shaded position, and it is safer if they are grouped together. Isolated ones are often overlooked.

If you can't move a container you may be

able to shade it, or cover the surface with an inch or two of wet peatmoss, which will hold enough water for a few more days.

Indoor plants can stifle in closed, hot room with blinds or curtains drawn as well as suffering excessive dryness. Remember, there should be some ratio between water, light, and temperature. If one is reduced, so should the other two. If the room is to be darkened it should also be cooler, and the need for water will then be lessened. A cool bathroom could thus be the best place to keep these plants.

Keep a few containers of water lower than the plants to build up the humidity level if temperatures should rise. Or put plastic sheeting over the bottom of the bath, then a few house bricks, and add an inch or two of water. Stand the pots on the bricks, which take up and evaporate large quantities of water, and reduce soil temperatures.



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# CARAVAN COOKERY

*Holiday-makers will be taking to the roads for a caravan holiday in ever-increasing numbers this year. In some of the smaller caravans, cooking facilities are limited — generally, two burners, and a griller. Experienced caravanners find an electric frypan invaluable. Recipes in this feature use a minimum of ingredients. There are easy dinners-in-a-dish; the frypan with metal lid is used to make scones, damper and desserts.*

## MEATLOAVES WITH BARBECUE SAUCE

500g (1lb.) minced steak  
500g (1lb.) sausage mince  
½ cup packaged dry breadcrumbs  
1 onion  
2 eggs  
3 tablespoons tomato sauce  
1 tablespoon worcestershire sauce  
salt, pepper  
½ teaspoon dry mustard  
2 tablespoons butter or substitute

**SAUCE**  
½ cup tomato sauce  
1 tablespoon worcestershire sauce

¼ cup brown sugar, firmly packed  
¼ cup vinegar  
Combine all ingredients except butter in large bowl, combine well. Shape into 4 meatloaves. Brown meatloaves on both sides in melted butter, reduce heat to low, cook, covered, 30 minutes or until cooked. Remove loaves from pan and keep hot.

**Sauce:** Drain off excess fat in pan, add all sauce ingredients, stir until combined, bring to boil, reduce heat and allow to simmer. Return meatloaves to frypan, spoon sauce over, let simmer 3 minutes.  
Serves 8.

## TOMATO-CHICKEN

1.5kg (3lb.) chicken (or chicken pieces)  
salt, pepper  
470g (15oz.) can tomato juice  
1 pkt. french onion soup  
1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce  
Cut chicken into serving pieces, season with salt and pepper.

Combine tomato juice, french onion soup powder and worcestershire sauce, mix well. Pour over chicken; cook, covered, over low heat, 35 to 40 minutes, or until chicken is tender.  
Serves 4.

## SAUSAGE CASSEROLE

2 tablespoons oil  
750g (1½lb.) sausages  
470g (15oz.) can whole tomatoes  
1 pkt. french onion soup  
2 teaspoons tomato paste or tomato sauce  
¼ cup water  
salt, pepper

Heat oil in frying pan, add sausages, cook gently until golden; pour off fat. Stir in undrained tomatoes, french onion soup, tomato paste, water, salt and pepper. Cover, simmer gently 10 to 15 minutes.  
Serves 4 to 6.

## SAVORY MINCE

30g (1oz.) butter or substitute  
1 onion  
750g (1½lb.) hamburger minced steak  
salt, pepper  
2 tablespoons flour  
1 cup water  
2 tablespoons tomato sauce  
1 tablespoon worcestershire sauce

Heat butter in shallow pan, add chopped onion, steak, salt and pepper. Stir constantly over medium heat until meat is well browned. Pour off any surplus fat. Add flour, stir 5 minutes or until flour is browned. Gradually add water; add tomato sauce and worcestershire sauce, stir until mixture boils and thickens. Reduce heat, simmer uncovered 10 to 15 minutes.  
Serves 4.

## CHICKEN CASSEROLE

3 tablespoons oil  
1.25kg (2½lb.) chicken pieces  
3 onions  
1 carrot  
2 sticks celery  
470g (15oz.) can cream of mushroom soup  
1 cup water  
1 teaspoon prepared mustard  
1 teaspoon salt  
2 teaspoons worcestershire sauce

Peel and quarter onions, cut carrot and celery into 2.5cm (1in.) pieces.

Saute chicken pieces in hot oil until golden brown, push to one side of pan and saute vegetables until lightly browned. Drain off excess oil.

Combine soup, water, mustard, salt, and worcestershire sauce. Pour over chicken and vegetables. Bring to the boil, reduce heat; simmer, covered, 25 to 30 minutes or until chicken is tender.  
Serves 4.

## EGG AND BACON COMBO

4 thick slices bread  
4 rashers bacon  
1 large onion  
6 eggs  
¼ cup milk  
salt, pepper  
60g (2oz.) butter or substitute

Heat butter in pan, add bread cut into cubes, bacon rashers cut into pieces, and peeled and thinly sliced onion. Fry gently until bacon is crisp and onion tender. Remove bacon and onion from pan, continue frying bread until very crisp; remove from pan.

Put eggs and milk into bowl, beat until combined. Season with salt and pepper. Pour egg mixture into pan; when egg is starting to set, gently lift set egg at sides of pan, so raw egg will run under the set egg. When combo has almost set, spoon over bacon, onion, and bread. Place lid on pan, cook gently until egg is set. Cut into portions to serve.  
Serves 4.

## BEEF AND VEGETABLE STEW

60g (2oz.) butter or substitute  
750g (1½lb.) round steak

2 large onions  
2 large carrots  
470g (15oz.) can thick beef and vegetable soup  
1 tablespoon flour  
1 cup water  
salt, pepper  
1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce  
500g (1lb.) potatoes

Heat butter in saucepan, add steak cut into 2.5cm (1in.) pieces; brown well, remove from pan. Add peeled and thickly sliced onions and peeled and sliced carrots, brown lightly. Add flour, stir until combined, remove pan from heat. Add undiluted soup, water, and worcestershire sauce, stir until combined. Return to heat, stir until sauce boils and thickens. Return meat to pan, season with salt and pepper. Cover, reduce heat, simmer 1 hour.

Peel, wash and quarter potatoes, add to stew, cover and simmer a further 30 minutes.  
Serves 4.

## CHICKEN NOODLE RICE

3 tablespoons oil  
2 onions  
1 cup long-grain rice  
3 cups water  
1 packet chicken noodle soup  
salt, pepper  
250g (½lb.) frozen peas  
220g (7oz.) can button mushrooms  
315g (10oz.) can whole kernel corn

Heat oil, saute peeled and chopped onions until they are transparent. Stir in rice, continue stirring until rice is golden brown, but not burnt. Reduce heat, gradually add water; add soup powder and salt and pepper. Stir in peas, drained mushrooms and drained corn. Bring to boil, cover, reduce heat, simmer gently until rice is cooked and all liquid has been absorbed, 20 to 25 minutes.  
Serves 4.

## HAM AND CORN FRITTERS

2 cups self-raising flour  
1 teaspoon salt  
½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda  
1 cup milk  
2 teaspoons white vinegar or lemon juice  
2 eggs  
315g (10oz.) can corn niblets  
60g (2oz.) ham (or any other cooked meat or bacon)

Sift flour, salt and soda into bowl. Make well in centre, add beaten eggs, milk and vinegar gradually; mix to a smooth batter. Stir in drained corn and chopped ham.

Heat pan, grease well; drop batter by tablespoonfuls on to pan. Cook until bubbly on top and light brown underneath. Turn, cook on other side.

Makes approx. 18, depending on size.

## PIKELETS

1 cup self-raising flour  
pinch salt  
¼ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda  
½ cup sour milk  
3 tablespoons sugar  
1 egg  
2 teaspoons melted butter

Sift dry ingredients, add sugar. Mix to a smooth batter with beaten egg and milk; add melted butter.

Heat and grease pan, drop batter by dessertspoonfuls on to pan, cook until bubbly on top, light brown underneath. Turn, cook other side.

Makes approx. 12.

**Note:** Fresh milk soured with 1 teaspoon vinegar or lemon juice can be used to make the ½ cup of sour milk listed above.

## CHOCOLATE SELF-SAUING PUDDING

1 pkt. chocolate butter-cake mix  
2 eggs  
60g (2oz.) butter or substitute  
3 tablespoons water

## CHOCOLATE SAUCE

3 cups water  
1½ cups brown sugar, lightly packed  
3 tablespoons cornflour  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
¼ cup cocoa

Put softened butter and eggs into bowl, beat until soft, add cake mix and water, mix well. Drop tablespoonfuls of cake mixture into simmering chocolate sauce, cover, simmer 15 minutes.

**Chocolate Sauce:** Put all ingredients into large saucepan, stir until combined. Stir over low heat until sauce boils and thickens.  
Serves 6.

## UPSIDE DOWN PEACH CAKE

910g (1lb. 13oz.) can sliced peaches  
1 pkt. cake mix

Lightly grease base and sides of frypan. Drain peaches well, arrange evenly over base of pan. Blend cake mix, according to directions on packet, beat well until smooth. Gently pour over peaches in pan. Cover with metal lid, turn frypan on to lowest heat. (In most frypans this is indicated as "slow simmer", less than 200 degrees F.). Cook for 55 to 60 minutes, depending on size of pan, or until cake is cooked.

Cut cake into serving pieces, using egg-slice or spatula, lift and turn upside down on to serving plates. Serve with cream or ice-cream.

Serves 6.

## CARAMEL BREAD-AND-BUTTER CUSTARD

3 slices buttered bread  
½ cup brown sugar, firmly packed  
470g (15oz.) can evaporated milk  
1 cup water  
3 eggs  
3 tablespoons sugar  
Preheat frypan to 250 degrees F.

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN





Slice crusts from bread. Cut bread into finger lengths. Lightly grease deep overproof dish. Sprinkle brown sugar over base, then cover with bread, buttered side up.

Beat eggs and sugar until light and fluffy. Add milk and water, beat until combined. Carefully pour milk mixture over bread. Stand dish in frypan, without water. Cover frypan with lid. Cook for 1 hour or until cooked when tested with knife.

Serves 4.

### APRICOT CRUMBLE

470g (15oz.) can apricot halves

½ cup plain flour

¼ teaspoon nutmeg

60g (2oz.) butter or substitute

½ cup brown sugar, firmly packed

¾ cup rolled oats

Put undrained apricots in base of greased shallow heatproof dish.

Sift flour and nutmeg into bowl, rub in butter until well combined. Add brown sugar and rolled oats; mix well. Sprinkle crumble topping evenly over apricots.

Bake in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes. Put under grill to lightly brown top. Serve with cream or ice-cream.

Serves 4.

### CREAMY RICE

½ cup rice

2 eggs

3 tablespoons sugar

1 teaspoon vanilla

½ cup cream

2 cups milk

Cook rice in boiling salted water until tender, approx. 12 minutes; drain and allow to cool.

Beat eggs with sugar and vanilla, add cream, milk, and rice. Pour into lightly greased casserole dish. Set frypan at 350 degrees F.; put dish in frypan, put enough water in frypan to come to 2.5cm (1in.) up side of dish, cover frypan with lid. Cook in covered frypan until water comes to boil, reduce heat to 250 degrees F., cook 30 minutes, stirring occasionally until thick and creamy. Turn off heat, remove frypan lid,

allow dish to stand in water until cold, stirring occasionally. Sprinkle with a little cinnamon, if desired.

Serves 4.

### SCONES

3 cups self-raising flour

pinch salt

1 tablespoon sugar

60g (2oz.) butter or substitute

1 egg

1 cup milk

60g (2oz.) butter or substitute, extra

Sift flour, salt, and sugar into bowl. Make well in centre of dry ingredients, add beaten egg, milk and melted butter, mix to a soft dough. Turn out on to lightly floured surface; knead lightly. Pat dough out to 2.5cm (1in.) thickness. Cut dough into rounds, using a 4cm (1½in.) round scone cutter, or cut into squares.

Beat 30g (1oz.) of extra butter in electric frying pan at 350 degrees. Add scones, cover, cook 5 minutes or until scones are golden brown on base; add remaining butter, turn scones over and cook, covered, until golden brown, approx. 5 minutes. Makes approx. 12.

### DAMPER

3 cups self-raising flour

1 teaspoon salt

60g (2oz.) butter or substitute

1 egg

1 cup milk

60g (2oz.) butter or substitute, extra

Sift flour and salt into bowl, make well in centre of dry ingredients, add melted butter, beaten egg, and milk; mix to a soft dough. Turn out on to lightly floured surface; knead lightly. Pat dough out to approx. 20cm (8in.) diameter.

Melt 30g (1oz.) of extra butter in electric frying pan at low heat, add damper, mark damper lightly into wedges with floured knife. Put metal lid on frying pan, with air vent closed. Cook at 250 degrees F. for approx. 15 minutes or until damper is golden brown on base and top of damper firm to touch. Carefully turn damper over, add remaining butter to pan, cook gently, covered, until golden brown, approx. 5 minutes.

Right: Meatloaves with Barbecue Sauce, at back, are shaped into a small size to serve two. Chocolate Self-Saucing Pudding, centre, cooks in a saucepan! For the Upside Down Peach Cake, front, you just pour the packaged cake mix over canned peaches directly into the electric frypan.



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4768

The 250ml measuring cup (about 1 tablespoon more than the old imperial measure) and Standard spoon measures are used for these recipes. Spoon measurements are level.





## A LOAD OF RUBBISH

I SEE that yet another traditionally male bastion has been infiltrated by women.

In Taroona, Tasmania, two women have become garbage collectors.

I'm sure the ladies are very efficient, but still I read the news with a bit of a wrench.

It means that yet another ordered way of life has to undergo change.

Once, the only woman vaguely connected with the label was a Garbo named Greta.

Obviously, now it is no good her "wanting to be alone."

If other girls hop on the garbage truck bandwagon, householders will face problems at Christmas time.

Once, "customers" who wanted to say "thank you" to a garbo would simply leave out a bottle of beer.

If you now left out a bottle of perfume for a girl garbo, you couldn't be sure if you would please or offend her!

At least, we still have garbage collectors.

Many other colorful workers have disappeared from our streets.

Many young readers will not remember collectors called "bottle-ohs," clothes-prop men (who sold poles to support washing-lines long before rotary lines), and "rabbit-ohs," who sold bunnies in the streets.

The latter's only memorial I know of is the nickname for South Sydney Rugby League team.

The salesmen wore aprons like butchers, only striped red and green.

The footballing "Rabbit-ohs" sport their colors.

## GO-MANGO

ONE IS APT TO FANCY THE SKY AND WATER IS ALWAYS BLUE, BUT THE SKY...



...CAN BE OF A COPPER TINGE AS SEEN ON A COLD DAMP DAY, WHILE THE SEA MAY LOOK LIKE SHEETS OF LEAD OF THE SAME HUE.



GEE, YOU'VE MADE ME REALISE HOW MUCH I HAVEN'T SEEN! TERRIFIC! ARE YOU GOING BACK TO NATURE?



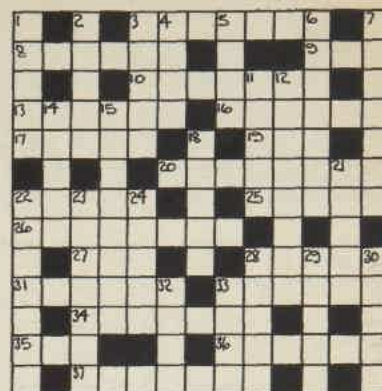
NOPE... BUY A COLOR TELEVISION SET!



## QUICK CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

3. Instructed.
8. At large.
9. Wrath.
10. Makes off secretly.
13. Screens.
16. Edge.
17. Held principle.
19. Beverage.
20. Face to face.
22. Declares to be true.
25. Mystic symbols.
26. Tender.
27. Day before.
28. Animals.
31. Modulation of the voice.
33. Severe trial.
34. Former Russian title.
35. Hint.
36. Large towns.
37. Zealous.



Solution will be published next week

### DOWN

1. Opera by Gounod.
2. Cry of pain.
3. Trainee.
4. Lyric poems.
5. Crustacean.
6. Scorn.
7. Edicts.
11. Initiating bodily movement.
12. Took for granted.
14. Axe handle.
15. Dispossesses.
18. Lasting ill-will.
21. Earth.
22. Put forward.
23. Chosen.
24. Operatic scene.
28. An interweaving.
29. Eagle's nest.
30. Make long cuts in.
32. Group of three.
33. One time.



Solution of last week's crossword



*an investment in pleasure...*

*...add value, enjoyment with PUREX accessories*

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# COOKING IN NO-TIME

It's hot, it's clammy — and no one feels like preparing food. In these recipes, some of the casseroles may take a while to cook, but we've cut the preparation time to a mere nothing to keep you cool, serene, and out of the kitchen.

*Midsummer Mousse — fresh rockmelon is combined with orange juice, apricot nectar, passionfruit and cream for this dessert. It's mixed in minutes in a blender.*

## HOT SALMON PUFFS

4 slices bread  
1 onion  
235g (7½oz.) can salmon  
½ teaspoon curry powder  
¼ teaspoon salt  
1 tablespoon chopped parsley  
4 eggs  
½ cup milk  
½ cup cream

Peel onion. Remove crusts from bread. Put roughly chopped bread and onion, drained and flaked salmon, and remaining ingredients in blender. Blend on high speed 1 minute or until thick and creamy. Pour mixture into 4 greased individual soufflé dishes. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes or until set and browned on top. Serve while hot.

Serves 4 as an entree.

## HAM STEAKS WITH MUSTARD

4 ham steaks  
60g (2oz.) butter or substitute  
2 tablespoons bottled cheese spread  
3 teaspoons prepared mustard  
1 teaspoon lemon juice  
salt, pepper

Melt butter in shallow pan, add steaks, fry until lightly brown on both sides. Remove from pan, keep warm.

Mix together cheese spread, mustard, lemon juice, salt and pepper. Spread cheese mixture on one side of steaks; place under grill for 1 minute or until cheese has set.

Serves 2.

## CHICKEN LIVERS BORDELAISE

2 onions  
220g (7oz.) can sliced mushrooms in butter sauce

30g (1oz.) butter or substitute  
1 cup dry white wine  
2 cups water  
2 chicken stock cubes  
salt, pepper  
500g (1lb.) chicken livers  
1 tablespoon tomato paste  
60g (2oz.) butter or substitute, extra  
2 tablespoons flour

Chop onions finely. Melt 30g (1oz.) butter in pan, sauté onions until transparent. Add undrained mushrooms, cook 5 minutes, stirring continuously. Add wine, 1 cup water and 1 crumbled stock cube, simmer until reduced to half quantity. Stir in tomato paste, salt and pepper. Melt extra butter in separate pan. Add chicken livers, sauté 5 minutes; remove from pan. Add flour, stir over heat 2 minutes, remove from heat. Add remaining water and crumbled stock cube, stir until smooth. Add mushroom sauce, return to heat, continue stirring until sauce boils and thickens. Add chicken livers, simmer gently 10 minutes.

Serves 4.

## EASY CHICKEN MARYLAND

3 chicken breasts  
3 bananas  
470g (15oz.) can pineapple slices  
2 eggs  
¼ cup milk  
salt, pepper  
packaged dry breadcrumbs  
oil for deep frying

**SWEET CORN SAUCE**  
30g (1oz.) butter or substitute

470g (15oz.) can cream style corn  
salt, pepper

Remove skin and bones from chicken meat. Cut meat into 2.5cm (1in.) pieces. Drain pineapple well, cut

pineapple slices into large pieces. Skin bananas, cut into pieces. Beat together eggs, milk, salt and pepper in large bowl, add chicken, pineapple, and bananas, stir until well coated with egg mixture. Drain off egg mixture, and toss chicken, pineapple, and banana all together in breadcrumbs. Fry in deep hot oil until golden brown; drain on absorbent paper. Place on large serving dish. Serve with Sweet Corn Sauce.

**Sweet Corn Sauce:** Heat butter in pan, add corn, stir over low heat until boiling. Season with salt and pepper. Keep warm.

Serves 4 to 6.

## CURRIED PRAWNS

470g (15oz.) can cream of mushroom soup  
220g (7oz.) can sliced mushrooms in butter sauce  
2 teaspoons curry powder  
4 shallots  
2 hard-boiled eggs  
500g (1lb.) prawns  
¼ cup cream

Shell prawns. Combine undiluted mushroom soup, sliced mushrooms with their liquid, curry powder, and finely chopped shallots in pan; stir until sauce boils and thickens. Reduce heat, add prawns, cream, and chopped eggs. Cook further 5 minutes.

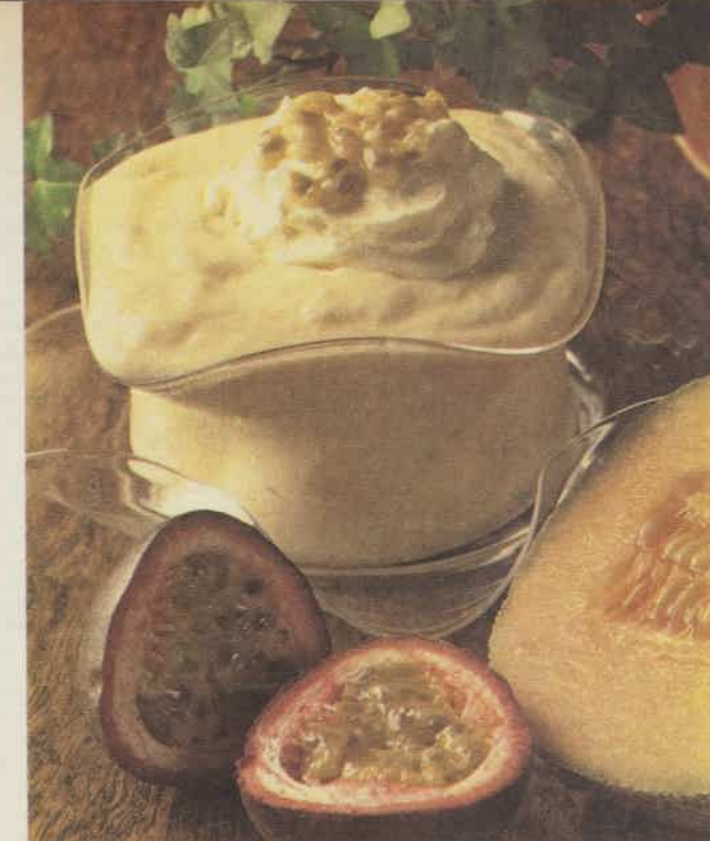
Serve with rice or on hot toast. Try it, too, as a filling for pastry vol-au-vents; for this, prawns should be chopped finely.

Serves 4.

## TUNA AND VEGETABLE CASSEROLE

470g (15oz.) can cream of mushroom soup

470g (15oz.) can tuna  
455g (14½oz.) can evaporated milk



220g (7oz.) can sliced mushrooms in butter sauce

500g (1lb.) can cream-style corn  
Drain and flake tuna.

Combine undiluted soup with tuna, mushrooms and their sauce, corn, and undiluted milk. Place in casserole. Bake, uncovered, in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes.

If desired, for a complete one-dish meal, 500g (1lb.) packet (or half a packet) of quick-frozen shoestring potatoes can be arranged over top of casserole before placing in oven.

Serves 6.

## SALMON PIE

470g (15oz.) can cream of celery soup  
500g (1lb.) can salmon (or tuna)

3 tablespoons milk  
2 large tomatoes  
1 cup cooked peas  
1 cup crushed packaged potato chips  
½ teaspoon curry powder

Drain and flake salmon. Put undiluted soup, salmon, and milk in pan; heat through slowly. Peel tomatoes, chop roughly, add to salmon mixture. Cook 3 to 4 minutes. Turn mixture into shallow ovenproof dish, spoon peas over. Combine crushed potato chips and curry powder, sprinkle evenly over top. Bake in moderate oven 10 minutes.

Serves 4.

## MEATLOAF

2 slices fresh bread  
1kg (2lb.) minced steak

250g (½lb.) minced pork  
2 eggs  
½ cup tomato juice

1 medium onion  
1 stick celery  
2 teaspoons salt  
½ teaspoon pepper  
1 tablespoon worcestershire sauce

Tear bread in quarters, put in blender, blend on high speed 6 seconds. Put crumbs in bowl with minced steak and minced pork; mix well.

Put eggs, tomato juice, peeled and quartered onion, roughly chopped celery, salt, pepper, and worcestershire sauce into blender. Blend on high speed 30 seconds; add to meat mixture, mix thoroughly. Pack firmly into 23cm x 12cm (9in. x 5in.) loaf tin. Bake in moderate oven 1½ hours.

Serves 6 to 8.

## SWISS STEAK

750g (1½lb.) round steak  
2 tablespoons flour  
2 tablespoons oil  
500g (1lb.) can whole tomatoes

1 teaspoon salt  
¼ teaspoon pepper  
2 large onions  
¼ cup parsley sprigs  
1 stick celery  
1 clove garlic

Put undrained tomatoes, salt and pepper into blender. Cover, blend on high speed 10 seconds. Add peeled and quartered onions, parsley, roughly chopped celery, and garlic. Cover, blend on high speed 4 seconds.

Heat oil in large frypan. Trim off any excess fat from

meat, cut into 6 pieces, coat with flour. Fry in hot oil until brown on both sides. Drain off any fat, add tomato mixture, cover, simmer 45 minutes or until meat is tender, stirring occasionally.

Serves 4.

## SAUCE FOR FISH

6 shallots  
2 tablespoons butter or substitute  
1 beef stock cube  
¼ cup tomato paste  
½ cup water  
¼ cup dry sherry  
2 teaspoons prepared mustard  
¼ teaspoon pepper  
½ cup sour cream  
1 tablespoon chopped parsley

Chop shallots, sauté in hot butter. Add crumbled stock cube, tomato paste, water, dry sherry, mustard, pepper. Stir until well combined, bring to boil, reduce heat, simmer 2 minutes. Just before serving, stir in sour cream and parsley. Serve with grilled or fried fish. Serves 4.

## CURRIED POTATO SALAD

2 470g (15oz.) cans whole new potatoes  
1 cup sour cream  
3 teaspoons curry powder  
1 teaspoon lemon juice  
1 teaspoon mayonnaise  
salt, pepper

Drain potatoes, cut into small cubes.

To page 60

## RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

The metric 250ml measuring cup (approx. 1 tablespoon liquid more than the old eight-liquid-ounce cup), and Standard spoon measures are used for these recipes. Spoon measurements are level.



# Dirty diamonds are such a bore

Darlings,

A FEW months back I told you of my admiration for the American postal service.

A reader had sent me a letter addressed "Dita Cobb, former address George Segal's house, Beverly Hills, California." I was awed at the fact that that letter reached me five days after it left Australia.

Well, wait till you hear this . . . yesterday's mail brought a missive from South Australia sent less than a week ago and addressed "Dita Cobb, Hollywood, Calif., U.S.A."

That is really quite unbelievable. I have had mail in Australia that said simply Dita Cobb, Australia, but while it would be hard to miss me over there, here, were I am really unknown

## DITA COBB'S Dateline Hollywood

except to my friends and foes, to actually get that letter is absolutely stunning.

While I am agog with admiration at the U.S. postmasters' detective work, I think that it might be a bit safer, darlings, if you were to address future mail to The Australian Women's Weekly — they do send it all on.

LAST week a jeweller friend called to ask if he could give my phone number to an Australian who had asked him for it. He said the Aussie was a nice guy, and I said OK.

An hour or so later somebody called Phil Avalon phoned and asked me to have dinner with him.

I wanted to know who he was and what he was doing here. He was vague about "who," but eventually came clean with the "what."

He is here because he is this month's centrefold in a magazine.

I have never been out with a centrefold before, so simply had to say yes, but as soon as I put the phone down I had second thoughts. I visualised some young egomaniac with the body of an oak and the mind of an acorn, carrying his magazine picture under his arm and eating dinner with it propped up against the cruet. . . . How wrong I was.

He came to pick me up the next night and I liked the way he looked immediately.

He was not carrying the

magazine . . . in fact, he refused to let me stop and buy one. Took me to the Hotel Bel Air, one of the most "in" and charming places, right in the beautiful Bel Air Estate (opposite the house that, until recently, was inhabited by Greer Garson) and I had a lovely evening.

Phil, who started out as a model a while back (he even did some fashion shows which I compered), is now an actor with a number of movies behind him, has his own production company, is doing well. I am glad, because he is truly charming, masculine, well-mannered, interesting to talk to, and a total pleasure to be with.

For me to say that about a 29-year-old lad (young men normally bore the socks off me) is really a compliment . . . and I haven't even seen the centrefold yet.

I shall see more of him . . . or should I say I shall see him again . . . before he returns to Sydney.

Wish I were 20 years younger or he was 20 years older . . . still, that's life.

ON the other side of the coin there is my "ancient" . . . he has been phoning again. (Remember I told you he hung up on me because I would not spend Christmas in Hawaii with him.)

Anyway, he has been full of apologies . . . and he is so rich . . . and with Christmas just around the corner and Tiffany's bursting with such pretties . . . what's a girl to do?

Stuart Wagstaff called me what in polite parlance would be termed a gold-digger . . . but I feel if, at 51, a girl can be whatever he called me, she should not knock it . . . and I do like pretty jewellery.

My husbands never gave me any jewellery to speak of and there is my future to consider. Anyway, all I am going to do is dine with him.

NOT quite in anticipation of the ancient's Christmas present (I do have a few good pieces already in hand), I have bought myself the most fascinating machine. I was sick of dirty diamonds . . . so tacky . . . and never could get them as clean as my jeweller, who put them into a soundwave machine (Australian jewellers have them, too) and 30 seconds later gave them back to me sparkling like anything.

I found a smaller model than the one used by jewellers, and now all my girlfriends and I have the cleanest gems. It cleans gold and everything like new . . . I adore playing with it.

More next week

# Sydney's "chocolate lady"

Chocolates, but not just any old ones, have been her life-long concern.

THE old theory, "If you want to kill your appetite for chocolates, go work in a chocolate factory," doesn't ring true for Mrs. Hilda Rooney.

Despite 42 years of making, tasting, and selling chocolates, she still can't resist indulging once a box is opened.

Thinking, talking, and handling them six days a week, as she does, would tempt the strongest will, but luckily, only one brand will entice her, and that's her own.

Her career in chocolates began in the early 1930s, during the Depression, when Mrs. Rooney and her first husband, the late Mr. Arthur Gurr, decided to try their hand at making chocolates in the old-fashioned style, like the ones they'd seen in Europe — particularly Brussels.

They pored over library books, hunted through old recipes, and began dabbling with unusual concoctions.

"The other day I came across the original Swiss formula for our chocolate truffles," said Mrs. Rooney. "It was scrawled on an old bit of brown parchment, barely readable."

"Heaven knows where we first dug it up from, but it's our most popular chocolate."

"We only sell it three days a week, from May to September, because with all that fresh cream, it should be eaten within 24 hours of being made."

"We have never yet been left with one on our shelves."

Not long after they started, the Gurr's met a Viennese chemist who was



Surrounded by her product, Mrs. Hilda Rooney sits in her tiny Sydney boutique.

fascinated by their project, and offered to help.

Gradually, their business began to take shape.

"Friends went overseas and left their lovely big Georgian home in our care," explained Mrs. Rooney.

"They were only too happy for us to make use of the nine-room basement for our experiments."

"We made hundreds of batches of chocolates — and threw hundreds out before

By  
LYNDALL CRISP

we considered we'd found the ideal combinations."

"The Department of Labor and Industry granted us a licence to operate because we could employ someone full time — that meant a great deal in those hard times."

"It was a tremendous task because Arthur and I were both perfectionists and wouldn't settle for second best, however much extra work it meant."

"But they were happy days and we had a lot of fun."

"Once or twice people have come into the shop and

said, 'I remember you. As a youngster I lived in the same street, and you used to let me scrape the fudge pots.'"

Over the years, unlike most romantic notions, these old-world confections have not changed.

There are still the same 30 flavors, they are still hand-made, and fresh cream is still used for centres such as maple fudge and almond cream.

"We tried to salvage the basic teachings of a very old craft," said Mrs. Rooney.

The chocolates went on sale for the first time in Kings Cross.

"We rented half a florist shop," she said. "Flowers are my second love, and arranging them in the shop developed my flair for decorating boxes and display windows."

The original factory still operates in Kings Cross under the watchful eye of confectioner Murray Hudson, who has been with "the family" for about 32 years.

The kitchen has no machinery or conveyor belts.

A trained staff of ten prepare small individual batches on white marble

tables using old-fashioned utensils and hand-dipping each chocolate.

"That's why I'm not afraid of being copied," said Mrs. Rooney.

"Few people now could be bothered with all that palaver, let alone make it financially rewarding."

Testing at the factory takes place at 7 a.m. daily, then it's a lightning dash to the tiny (8ft by 5ft 6in.) Castlereagh Street boutique which Mrs. Rooney has nicknamed "Lasseter's Last Stand."

"I opened this second shop as an extra sales outlet so I could keep prices down and all my staff working full time," she said.

When the chocolates first went on sale they cost five shillings (50c.) for a one-pound mixed box. The average wage then was two pounds (\$4) a week.

Mrs. Rooney, whose second husband, Judge C. V. Rooney, died in 1964, has one married daughter living in New Zealand.

"People ask me why, at my age, I keep working at this pace," she said.

"They don't realise it's my life. Without it what would there be to keep me so alive and on the ball?"

Mrs. Rooney once wrapped and decorated 400 tiny boxes of sugared almonds for the guests at a Greek wedding.

"It took me weeks," she said. "Each morning I'd get up about 4 o'clock and think, 'only 299 to go . . . 180 . . . 56 . . . until the job was at last finished."

"There was one for every guest, done in the colors of the bridal party."

The standard pale pink, blue, and almond colored boxes with the gold fleur-de-lis emblem are familiar only to the local people. The chocolates sell nowhere else in the world.

## COOKING IN NO-TIME Concluded

Combine sour cream, curry powder, lemon juice, mayonnaise, salt and pepper in bowl. Mix dressing through diced potatoes; serve on lettuce. Serves 4.

### MIDSUMMER MOUSSE

1 small rockmelon  
1 tablespoon orange juice  
½ cup apricot nectar  
¼ cup sugar  
3 teaspoons gelatine  
2 tablespoons cold water  
1 cup cream  
2 passionfruit  
1 passionfruit, extra

Peel rockmelon, remove seeds, chop roughly. Put in blender with orange juice, apricot nectar, and sugar; blend on high speed to puree consistency. Sprinkle gela-

tine on water, dissolve over hot water, add to rockmelon mixture with cream. Blend on high speed 1 minute or until thick and creamy. Fold in passionfruit pulp. Pour into 4 individual dishes. Refrigerate until set. Before serving spoon over extra passionfruit pulp. When set this mixture is still very soft.

### CARDINAL SAUCE FOR ICE-CREAM

470g (15oz.) can strawberries  
470g (15oz.) can raspberries  
1 tablespoon arrowroot  
2 tablespoons water  
2 tablespoons marsala  
Press strawberries and raspberries with their syrup through sieve, or puree in blender. Put puree with

combined arrowroot and water in saucepan, bring to boil, stirring; reduce heat, simmer, uncovered, 2 minutes. Remove from heat, add marsala; cool. Refrigerate until cold. Serves 4.

### RUM-AND-RAISIN CARAMEL SAUCE FOR ICE-CREAM

¼ cup raisins  
2 tablespoons rum  
30g (1oz.) butter or substitute  
1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed  
125g (4oz.) can reduced cream  
Roughly chop raisins, put in bowl, pour rum over. Melt butter in pan, add sugar and cream, stir over heat until sugar has melted. Add raisin mixture, stir over heat 1 minute.

### APRICOT LIQUEUR ICE

470g (15oz.) can apricot halves  
1½ cups water  
¾ cup sugar  
1 tablespoon lemon juice  
2 tablespoons cointreau or grand marnier

Combine sugar and water in pan, stir over low heat until sugar has dissolved; bring to boil, boil for 10 minutes, cool.

Put undrained apricots, lemon juice, and cointreau in blender, blend until smooth, or push through sieve. Add apricot mixture to cooled sugar syrup, mix well. Pour into freezer tray; freeze until set, stirring occasionally to prevent mixture separating.

Serves 4.

The Australian Women's Weekly—December 25, 1974



# MEDI-TALK

Questions in this column are based on surgery experience. Individual queries will not be answered

## ANTIHISTAMINES AND ALLERGIES

"During spring and summer I have to take antihistamines for my hay fever. I get relief, but this often makes me feel tired and sleepy. I drive a car in connection with my work."

Extreme caution is essential when on antihistamine therapy. In many cases sleepiness is a worry. If working machinery, or driving, do not take antihistamines if they impair your acuity and alertness. Often switching to another brand solves the problem, however. There are several varieties. Your doctor will advise.

## NEGATING THE PILL

"I have heard certain drugs can negate the effect of the contraceptive Pill. Is this true?"

It has recently been found that the anti-TB drug rifampicin can reduce the efficacy of the pill. Several people on TB therapy became pregnant even though they regularly took the pill. It seems that certain medication used by diabetics similarly reduces the effects of the pill.

## VARICOSE ECZEMA

"Is there a simple way of getting rid of the skin irritation that goes with varicose veins, specially around the ankles?"

This is called varicose eczema. It is aggravated by the accumulation of fluid occurring in these areas. This must be reduced. Using elasticised stockings; elevating the feet whenever possible; crepe bandages (can be worn under slacks) are all effective methods. Sometimes creams (prescribed by a doctor) assist.

## TETANUS PROTECTION

"I've heard doctors are to stop giving tetanus anti-toxin. Is this true?"

Dec. 1, 1974, tetanus anti-toxin came off the N.H.S. list. It is being replaced by "Human Tetanus Immunoglobulin", the new method of preventing tetanus. Adverse reactions, sometimes disastrous with the old A.T.S. do not occur. Protection will persist for many weeks after an injury. It is a major step forward in medical progress.

## SPECIALLY FOR MOTHERS

### CHILD'S STAINED TEETH

"My child has stained teeth. He was sick very often during his earlier years, and the doctor prescribed antibiotics often to help him get better."

The tetracycline family of antibiotics are now known to stain teeth in children if used too often. Once it has occurred there is no way of turning back time and un-staining the teeth. In recent years, doctors have become aware of this problem, and so prescribe tetracyclines less commonly for young children.

### PENICILLIN AND RHEUMATIC FEVER

"Is penicillin still used to prevent recurrences of rheumatic fever in children?"

The answer is yes. However, the forms once thought best have been replaced by other forms. These are again readily available in reasonably large quantities for those running a risk of recurrent attacks of rheumatic fever. For a while they had been removed from the "free medicine" lists, but were recently re-introduced. (Prescription from doctor.)

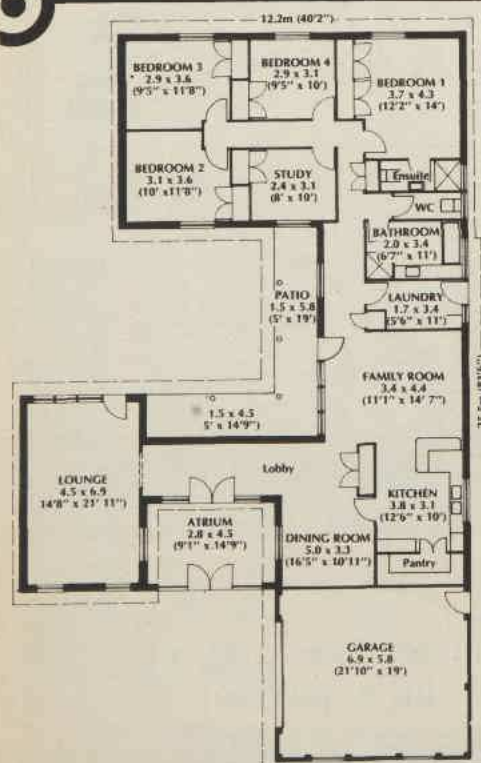
# FASHION UNIFORMS



A smart outfit for summer days at work.

"FERN." — This comfortable tetoron and cotton design features side button opening suitable for nursing, and a three-quarter belt. Short sleeves, collar, and patch pocket are all stitch trimmed. It is available ready to wear in white, lemon, pink, aqua, and blue. Sizes are 10 to 16. Price is \$11.65 plus 80 cents postage and dispatch.

Fashion Uniforms can be inspected at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



## This is 'Castille Grande'.... just one of the elegant homes you'll find in our new brochure.



Hacienda... Villa Dorada... Casa de Sol... the names give you the feel of these new Cosmopolitan designs. (A Cosmopolitan design won the 1974 Sun-Herald House of the Year Contest.)

These are home for those seeking distinction... those who also know that it's not necessary to pay more than they should for good value.

Please note: Cosmopolitan will be closed 20th December to 25th January.

### HOMES PRICED FROM \$14,000

(Current price for major part of Sydney Metropolitan area at the time of preparation of advertisement.)

The plans cover homes from 12.5 squares to 29.4 squares and all include plenty of built-in cupboards and closets, among other great features... so phone, write or call for this new brochure.

We'll be delighted to give you one.

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# SESAME STREET

READ THIS OUT  
LOUD. A LITTLE  
KID MIGHT BE  
LISTENING

BY  
CLIFF ROBERTS-



## FRED BASSET

by ALEX GRAHAM





# Butterick

THE FASHION ONE

3604. — Fitted dress in two lengths with front and back V-neckline and loops gathering in the shoulder straps. Sizes: Misses' 8-16. \$1.47 includes postage.

3555. — Fitted top with front bust gathers formed by a loop and short or long sleeves. Skirt in two lengths. Sizes: Misses' 8-16. \$1.47 includes postage.

3624. — Loose top or caftan with front inset detail and sleeves worn straight or rolled up. Sizes: Misses' 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18. Price: \$1.47 including postage.

3685. — Included in this pattern are five wrap and tie tops, a wrapped skirt with self ties, and bikini briefs. Sizes: Misses' 6-14. \$1.47 includes postage.

3661. — Very flared bias cut sun-dress with side button fastening, patch pocket and optional zippered side pockets. Sizes: Misses' 6-14. \$1.47 includes postage.

3768. — Easy to make Wrap-and-Go skirt with waistband extending into ties, and patch pocket. Sizes: Misses' 24, 26, 28, 30, 32in. waist. \$1.47 includes postage.

3551. — Embroider your T-shirt with one of the thirty different motifs included in this pattern. Directions for stamping designs and embroidery stitches included. T-shirt not included. \$1.07 includes post.



BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 371, AUBURN, N.S.W. 2144. (N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

NAME	DESIGN	SIZE	PRICE



## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

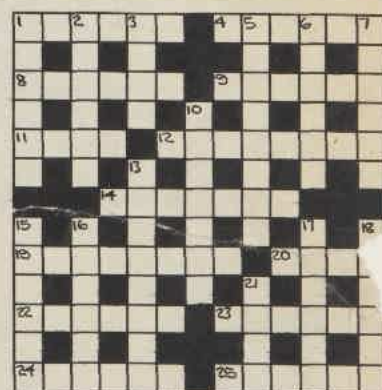
Narda is maid of honor and Mandrake best man at Magnon and Carola's wedding. Afterwards Narda chooses to return to earth as her prize for beauty contest winner. NOW READ ON...



## CRYPTIC CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

- As tittle like plays (6).
- Filter a melody (6).
- Example of fewer clothes (6).
- Ex-Professor Sinew? (6).
- Love limb for a Scandinavian boy's name (4).
- Heap lent pachyderm (8).
- That chap Fleming makes an alpine flower (7).
- Scurried off and sank (8).
- A mixed lot of peas foretell in the Scots manner (4).
- Be obsequious when the wedding symbol appears in the Church of England (6).
- Scrub the Spanish measure of volume (6).
- Stage direction for several substitutes the muddled French female one for the figure one in the way out (6).
- Landlord's epistle (6).



Solution will be published next week

### DOWN

- Child's favourite toy with overproof blob (6).
- Reply from an Australian state to Queen Elizabeth (6).
- Love in a type of beer for a plant which yields a bitter drug (4).
- Tragic actor the illegal bookie named in 14 across (8).
- North America goes up over reverend gentlemen of the Andes (6).
- No catches in these musical ensembles (6).
- Dish 50 in the sound of little feet (7).
- Geometrical figure in Washington (8).
- Spirit beloved of Eros (6).
- Football and top hat (si) hardly seem to belong together but can produce a valuable mineral (6).
- Result of high firing (6).
- Obstreperous Austrian worth .01 of a crown (6).
- Right custom is cunning (4).



Solution of last week's crossword



Steel Cabinet 059 4 FUS

## "When I boiled the Billy for Santa Claus"\*

I was riding Flash with my old dog Blue, we were weary and saddle sore.  
When we came up on this billabong, where there never was one before.  
There by a fire was a weird old cove in the strangest rig I've seen,  
Red suit, white beard and you wouldn't believe the horns on his bullocky team.  
So I said, "Ow are you goin' mate" and I offers him my hand.  
"Let's boil a billy and hear your yarn, how you came to this here land."

### Chorus:

*It warms my dear old Aussie heart,  
Whenever I look back,  
When I boiled the billy for Santa Claus,  
'Way back o' the Birdsville track.*

Well he tells me how he's walkabout and spreading his Christmas cheer,  
How he rides more miles in a single night than a drover does in a year.  
Says he, "Down here in Aussie land it's Christmas all the year.  
Good tucker and the sun all round, no man need walk in fear."

"As long as you've got mateship it's Christmas in this land.  
And all you need's a smile like yours and an outstretched friendly hand."  
The sun woke us next morning, me, Flash and Blue alone . . .  
There wasn't a sign of the billabong. The bloke and the team were gone.  
When I tell the blokes about it all, as now and then I do,  
They say, "Whatever you were drinking mate, it wasn't billy brew!"  
But I recall the old cove's words and no matter what my fate,  
My whole life turns up Christmas when I share it with a mate.  
And as long as I can raise a smile, and offer out my hand,  
My mates will share the roughest mile...and Christmas rides the land.

\*The ballad "When I Boiled the Billy . . ." has been recorded by the  
Fable Singers in their album of Bush Songs "Click Goes Australia"  
(FABLE FB5A 039) which contains a ready-to-frame print of the  
painting "Billy for Santa" — at all good record stores.

Arnott's Biscuits wish you a  
Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

